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BOSTON PASSENGER AGENCY:
207 WASHINGTON ST.,
BOSTON, MASS.

Vistas on the C. & M.

T. A. MACKINNON,
GEN'L MANAGER, CONCORD, N.H.

F. E. BROWN,
GEN'L PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT, CONCORD, N.H.

GEO. W. STORER,
ASST. GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT, BOSTON.

SENT BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF TEN CENTS IN POSTAGE TO BOSTON PASSENGER AGENCY, 207 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.



INTRODUCTION.

THE sketches and illustrations contained in this little volume are of features and localities in the beautiful scenic region of New Hampshire. By far the greater part of them are of situations among the mountains; but occasionally the equally attractive and impressive lowlands constituting their approaches have been drawn upon to furnish materials for this collection. It is not pretended that the list of superlatively beautiful spots in the White Mountains and their neighborhoods has been exhausted in this presentation, or that, from artistic standpoints, the very best of these that could have been selected are here given; it is only intended that herewith shall be given, in a simple and yet fairly attractive way, illustrations and descriptions outlining, as it were, the vast repository of beautiful and fascinating natural gems of which this region is the casket, so to speak. In every part of the mountains and gorges, the ravines and notches, the sloping river bottoms and the hillside sections, there are points and localities of interest of which the representations here afforded are but the feeblest types. There are wonderful formations, the results of convulsions or eccentricities in natural action,—manifestation of the graces as well as the forces, of nature lavishly supplied in every part of these wonderful scenic sections of the Old Granite State, of which these illustrations are simply the indices, the suggestive guide-posts that direct to more satisfactory surroundings.

Many people suppose that in New Hampshire scenery the mountain neighborhoods are alone of interest, or at least that these sections contain about all there is of satisfaction and gratification for the novice or occasional visitor, or for the frequent sojourner as well. The mistake is naturally enough made, but it is a mistake nevertheless. The pastoral neighborhoods of southern and middle New Hampshire; the unrivalled valleys of the Merrimac and other rivers; the vicinities of the great lakes and inland waters,—all these have peculiar charms of their own which fascinate as thoroughly and satisfy as completely as the actual presence of the more rugged features of the mountain

sections can possibly do. Especially is this the case when the mountain peaks appear, outlined in grandeur and impressiveness at greater or less distances, as they frequently are, within full view of these less strongly marked localities, as though they were thus irregularly strewn about by Dame Nature to render her scenic pictures in this state more marvellously attractive. Indeed, it will be found—and it is the testimony of almost every traveller in this region—that the mountains are the sections for excursions, and the valley and lowland districts, or lake and river shores, for sojourning or protracted residence.

It is without doubt true, however, that the White Mountains have a peculiar fascination of their own that appeals strongly to tourists and travellers of every name and condition. While this section of New Hampshire has been often compared with other similar portions of the earth's surface, and is not infrequently written or spoken of as "the Switzerland of America," it has very little in common with that European type of mountain lands, and differs as widely in all features and characteristics of scenery from that European country as the Merrimac differs from the Amazon. While not wanting in all the elements of grandeur and impressiveness that distinguish sections that have been torn and rent and upthrown by natural forces, these mountain neighborhoods have a certain charm of summer delights about them that appeals to every lover of nature under unusual conditions of awe-inspiring situations and mysteries that supply no end of incentive to their discovery and seeking-out. The White Mountains are mountains indeed, and not simply elevations of earth possessing a few mountain features and characteristics; and this will soon be understood by the visitor who makes their acquaintance or who essays to know them thoroughly in every part. But they are from first to last open to exploration, though this may be attended by difficulties; and their make-up does not suffer in comparison with that of any other chain or grouping in the world, while they are within the limits of possible familiar acquaintance to every one who cares to study them or test their experiences. Their situation includes every kind of mountain formation except the active volcanic; and they present under different circumstances and relations clearly defined chains and ranges, magnificent groups,—large and small,—and isolated bodies and peaks that stand as natural monuments for the wonder of the races, even as the pyramids of Egypt artificially distinguish the plains of that section of the world.

But if the mountains have thus fascinations of their own for all comers, and abound in delights unique and ever-satisfying for the summer seeker especially, the lake and river neighborhoods of the state have no lack of these characteristics, though they appear in widely different forms. Glorious old Winnepesaukee! that magnificent water sheet, for which the Indian native could find no more fitting designation than "the Smile of God,"—can there be found in state or country anywhere a vision of more perfect rest and peace and natural beauties than the bit of scenery made up of this lake and its surroundings flashes upon the visitor? Its placid waters, mountain-locked and

island-dotted, and clear and limpid as the streams from which they are fed, have as readily commended themselves and proved as irresistible to the poet and painter since their acquaintance was first made as have the waters and the shores of the Mediterranean for centuries past. Here mountain and lowland scenery, the grandest land and water effects, blend in a way unequalled and rarely rivalled elsewhere on the earth's surface. And this is the situation not alone with regard to Winnepesaukee and its neighborhoods, but in countless sections on every side of the White Mountains in this state, the localities taking place under myriad features and conditions of surroundings and circumstances, but always essentially presenting the characteristics that distinguish that upon which the Creator so signally smiled.

Into this region, and traversing all these sections, the Concord & Montreal Railroad system penetrates as ministering and beneficent agency in the development, service and visitation of them all. It follows the valley of the Merrimac and the windings and turnings of that beautiful river from the state line of Massachusetts to the lake—old Winnepesaukee—in which it takes its rise. Still farther northward it runs along the banks of the Connecticut River on the extreme west of the great mountains and ranges; pursues the course of the Ammonoosuc from its mouth to its sources on the side of hoary Mt. Washington; threads the valley of the Pemigewasset, among its crooked pines and crossing its mad streams; traverses the tablelands among and north of the Ammonoosuc neighborhoods; and winds in and out among the grand old mountains, skirting their bases and puffing its smoke and steam-clouds among the trees that rise along their sides in every direction. Its connections are with every trunk or direct line leading into the mountain region from any point of the compass. Its service is of the best known in transportation,—frequent, rapid, comfortable, safe! On all sides and for every desirable nook and corner and summering-place in this grand old state it is a direct and ever-ready highway.

NASHUA JUNCTION.

THE southern terminus of the Concord & Montreal Railroad system is at Nashua, N.H. At this point is a union railway station, upon the site known as Nashua Junction, and into it lead the lines of the Nashua and Acton Branch of the Concord & Montreal, the Southern and Worcester, Nashua and Portland Divisions of the Boston & Maine Railroad, connecting with Providence, Worcester and Fall River, and the main line of the Concord & Montreal as aforesaid. Nashua lies upon the line between the States of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and is at the confluence of two rivers, the Nashua and the Merrimack. In olden times the territory of this city formed a part of the town of Dunstable, and some of the fiercest of the ravages of King Philip and his Indian followers were experienced in this neighborhood. The present Nashua was not settled by the whites until considerably within the present century; and, with all its thrift and attainments, it is really one of the youngest community establishments in New Hampshire, or in New England. The place is a lively manufacturing centre, the water-power being furnished by Nashua River, through a canal three miles long, sixty feet wide and eight feet deep, with a fall of thirty-six feet. Nashua became a city in 1853; and it is hard to realize that so late as 1803 its site was a "pine barren"—a sandy plain covered with pine trees. At present its streets are broad and well lighted, with fine shade trees in every part and upon the estates adjoining. Its community is progressive and of the true New England type. Its situation is rural and eminently healthful, and its suburb and neighborhoods have very much of the peculiar beauties that distinguish New England localities. Its territory is hilly and rolling, and numerous roads leading in every direction afford the finest drives. The Merrimack River runs directly through the centre of the territory. On either side of it for miles, northward and southward, this river shows the marked peculiarities and beauties which have made it the delight of poets and imaginative mortals for centuries. In closing his apostrophe to the Merrimack, Whittier says:—

"O stream of the mountains! if answer of thine
Could rise from thy waters to questions of mine,
Methinks, through the din of thy thronged banks, a moan
Of sorrow would swell for the days which have gone.

"Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the wheel,
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel;
But that old voice of waters, of bird and of breeze,
The dip of the wild fowl, the rustling of trees."



Nashua Junction N.H.

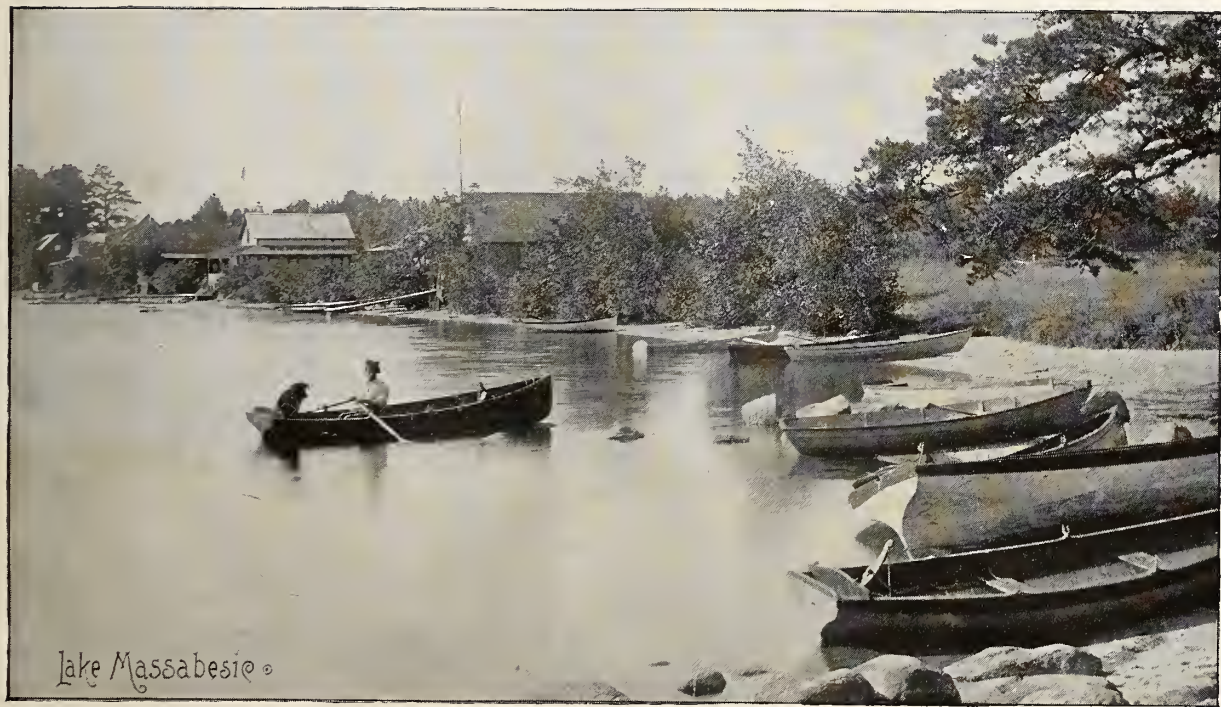
LAKE MASSABESIC.

THE traveller for the first time entering the city of Manchester, via the Concord & Montreal Railroad, will be likely to fancy that here is no summering establishment, no attractiveness of nature or community in this locality, that would be likely to woo the visitor to any protracted sojourn or tarry at this season of the year. Looking upon the long lines of brick-built factories and mills succeeding each other in seemingly endless provision on the banks of the river, and the equally compact and elaborate rows of buildings of the same material that occupy entirely the side-hills on the east,—the fitting adjuncts of this immense aggregate of mill construction,—he will be apt to conclude that the city has usurped the place of the country hereabouts, and that the centre is one of hard, dry, thriving business interests, rather than of rural and pastoral delights and pleasures.

But even a short experience in investigating the merits and features of the place will show him how great a mistake he has made in thus concluding. In this part of the valley the Merrimac has cut its way, by the action of centuries, through what was once an elevated plain; and it now occupies a gorge of its own making, its waters tumbling many feet, within a comparatively short distance, over and among ledges and crags and rock-masses—the noted Amoskeag Falls, which the Indians knew and named long enough before any representatives of the whites had made settlement in the region. The plain thus cut in twain is now occupied by the city whose factories almost entirely hide the ancient falls from the view of the passenger on the railroad train.

But the sojourner in Manchester soon discovers that he has not far to go to find the city limits, and that outside these, even before he has passed beyond the sight of red brick walls, there are natural beauties and situations that would prove attractive anywhere; and that the environs of ancient Amoskeag have countless beauties of their own for the delectation of all who care to explore them.

About four miles eastward from the city, ensconced among fine wood-growths and fair New England hills, is Lake Massabesic, which forms one of the foremost of the natural attractions of the Manchester neighborhoods. No water-sheet could possibly exceed this lake in irregularity of outline; for, though only four miles across in its widest part, it has thirty-one miles of winding shore-line. Practically Massabesic presents a pair of twin lakes, divided by a narrow ridge of sand beach, the opening at the upper end of which furnishes the only water connection between the two parts. In this lake are fish in plenty, of the kinds usual in the large ponds of northern New England. On its shores and the lands receding from them the summer establishments of cottages, chalets, villas, boat-houses, and the like are strewn abundantly, and the most is made of a situation delightful in all its features, and which combines in its attractions the best characteristics of summer life in New England. A view of a section of this lake faces this sketch.



NORTH WEARE BRANCH.

THE branches of the Concord & Montreal Railroad that are offshoots of its main line below, or southward from, Concord, possess very largely the characteristics of the Merrimack Valley route, so far as territory, scenery, natural situations, etc., are concerned. They have mostly rivers and water systems of their own, with the usual accompaniments of valley, meadow and intervale lands, and rural and country attributes generally. Along these branches towns, villages and hamlets, farming and manufacturing establishments, and the almost invariable manifestations accompanying New England life in all sections, succeed continually. In these portions of territory are found the real town life of the State, where summer and winter its communities pursue the even tenor of their way, progressive, thrifty and strongly attached to and believing in their commonwealth. In summer time these sections become the temporary abodes of thousands of visitors to the State; and it is doubtless true that the farmhouses and homesteads of the southern half of New Hampshire attract more sojourners every year than does the more wildly picturesque mountain region, celebrated and widely known as it is. The summer homes of the Old Granite State are in its quiet, peaceful and healthgiving valley and farming portions.

Of these branches of the lower Concord & Montreal system, that running from Manchester to North Weare comes as nearly as any within the descriptions above given. This branch extends northwestward between the points just named, and includes the villages of Weare, Goffstown, Bedford, etc., within its service. The road is laid through the valley of the Piscataquog River, following closely the windings of the stream; and these villages form a part of the valley community establishment. None of them are large in population, business, or manufacturing interests; but they succeed each other so closely that the branch may be said to be laid from end to end through one continuous village, with convenient points for stoppage provided along the whole way. For summer homes, and temporary abiding places during the outing season, these neighborhoods are unsurpassed anywhere. They are sufficiently near the mountains to be influenced by their clear, cool breezes by day and night. All the conditions are of rest, soothing and renovation for humanity.

On the line of this branch, and about five miles from Parker's station, is the little village of New Boston. New Boston is a typical portion of the section in all the characteristics of temporary homes for summer visitors and sojourners, and is one of the most charming nooks imaginable, with natural attractions of the kind most sought by weary and jaded humanity. This locality receives its full quota of guests from the outside world with the return of every summer season.

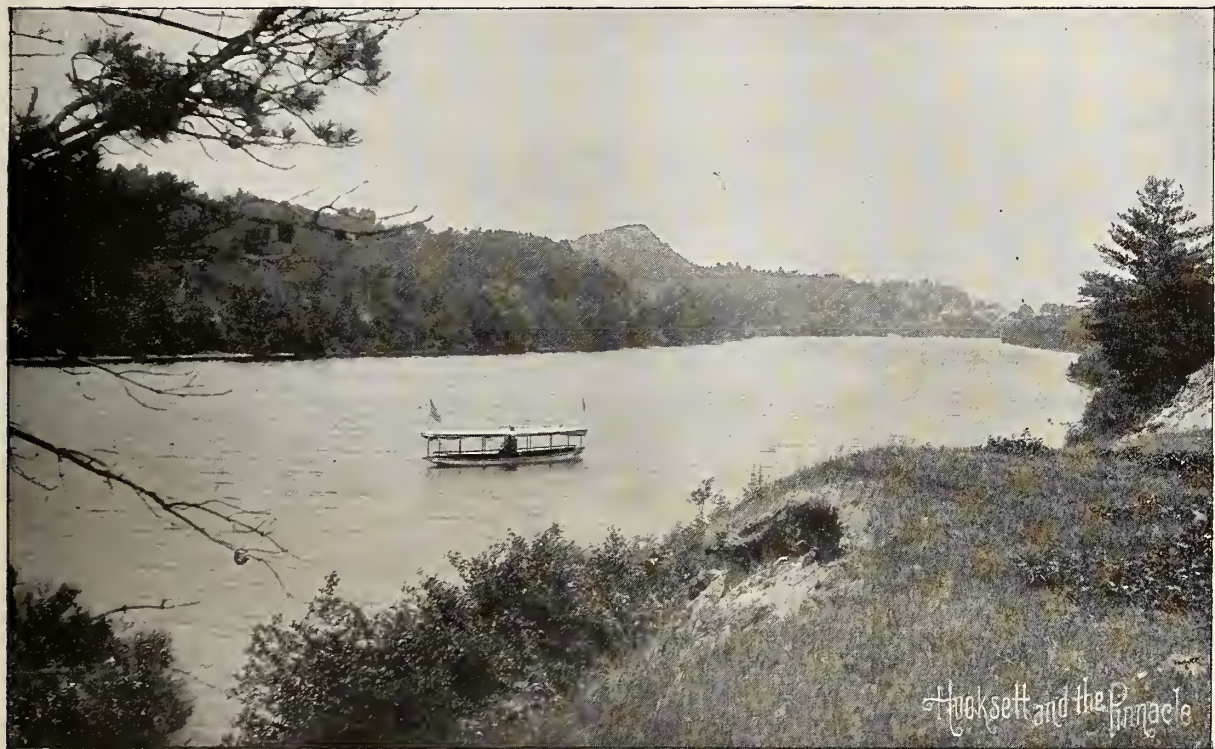


HOOKSETT.

THE valley of the Merrimac is almost uniformly characterized by rural, pastoral scenery, and its distinguishing natural qualities are those of quiet and restfulness on every hand. The river, indeed, is swift-running, but it is rarely tumultuous or of rapid descent: while its banks slope gently upwards on either side, the land swelling into undulations and hill formations incessantly succeeding as they recede, this form of scenery often occupying for miles together, with no striking or unusual departure from the rule to mark its prevalence. Occasionally, however, this monotony is relieved or wholly broken by manifestations more or less nearly approaching the reverse of these. Wild disorder takes the place of serene quietude; ragged and rugged semi-mountainous heights appear instead of fairly rounded hilltops; and the waters are found rushing and tumbling over obstructions, or through gorges or channels deep-cut in rocky beds, their surfaces flecked with foam masses, or torn and rent after the manner of fiercest rapids. The river scenery at such points becomes no less interesting and attractive to the beholder.

The little village of Hooksett is planted in the midst of one of these occasional departures from the usual scenery of the Merrimac. It is a manufacturing centre of considerable importance; and some of its principal factories seem to overhang the river at a point where great rock masses and rushing, struggling waters and wild elements of scenery have been concentrated, as though a miniature fragment from the heart of Franconia or the bases of the Presidential Range had been transported hither, to remind the visitor that not alone the softest features were to be found upon the face of the Old Granite State. Some distance above the village the river begins to fall, and, as it passes through the settled portion, it tumbles sixteen feet over rocks and ledges that convert its waters into a most picturesque fall, while their descent gives them large power for manufacturing purposes. Below the falls the river courses furiously for some distance before it resumes again its usual quiet and smooth-flowing habits.

Near the left bank of the river going north, and in the west part of the territory of Hooksett, Pinnacle Mountain rises ragged and monumental in appearance to a considerable height above its surroundings, although its apparent height is largely an exaggeration, growing out of the lowland features in the midst of which it is found. This section of territory once formed a part of Massachusetts, and was given by that state to Passaconaway, the great sachem of the Penacooks. Hooksett, however, occupies only a portion of the grant made to Passaconaway. A bridge 550 feet long—one of the largest to be found on this river—crosses the Merrimac just below the station of the Concord & Montreal Railroad. The Suncook Valley Branch, running from Hooksett to Centre Barnstead, unites with the main line of the Concord & Montreal at this station.



Hooksett and the Pinnacle

PITTSFIELD.

OF the branches of the Concord & Montreal Railroad leading off the main line south of Concord, the Suncook Valley Branch is one of the most interesting, on account of its natural scenery and fine village sites and improvements. As the name implies, the Suncook Valley lies along the course of the Suncook River; and the branch taking this name is about twenty-five miles in length, running from Hooksett to Centre Barnstead, including villages of Allenstown, Epsom, Chichester, and Pittsfield in its route. The junction of this branch with the main line is at Suncook, two miles above Hooksett, and sixty-eight miles from Boston. Suncook is not a town, but is a post village situated on both sides the river, and is in both Pembroke and Allenstown. Pembroke has one of the oldest academies in New Hampshire; and it is also the terminus of a celebrated country road known as "Pembroke Street," running from Suncook to Concord, beautifully bordered with elms and shade trees and through most attractive scenery all the way, a distance of seven miles.

The scenic features of the Suncook Valley are mainly a repetition of those usually found in the river bottoms of Southern New Hampshire—rural, quiet and picturesque. This valley is eminently a dairy neighborhood, and the finest products in this department of industry in the State are found within its limits. Numerous small streams flowing from the hilly country around the valley flow into the Suncook River, and these furnish excellent trout fishing in the early summer—notably Bear Creek, in the Allenstown neighborhood. This valley is one of the finest in the State for summer sojourning at farmhouses, or within village quarters.

Twenty miles from Hooksett on this branch lies Pittsfield, the subject of the picture facing this sketch, one of the most thriving, enterprising, and progressive towns in New Hampshire. At the present time (1892) Pittsfield is the home of the Governor of the State, and the centre of quite extensive business and trading enterprises. The Suncook River at this point flows through a narrow gorge, which, in the course of centuries, it has cut in the hilly formation hereabouts; and the town occupies a steep bluff overlooking this gorge, with its manufacturing establishments near the water-side. The situation is remarkably beautiful, and the place has become very popular as a summer resort. In its neighborhoods are many fine farms, where numerous summer visitors are entertained every season. Southeast of Pittsfield is a long ridge known as Catamount Mountain, from the top of which the ocean and many Northern mountain peaks may be seen.



CONCORD STATION.

THE passenger station at Concord of the Concord & Montreal Railroad is one of the finest edifices of its kind known among the railways. Its entire establishment occupies upwards of two acres of ground, and in design, construction and appointments it is one of the most serviceable and convenient of buildings. In point of finish, ornamentation and architectural effects this depot presents a very striking picture, and the impression produced by its general appearance is pleasing and favorable to every onlooker.

The style of the building is of the English renaissance. The main building is 280 feet long and 65 feet wide, and contains three completely finished stories, a basement and an attic. It is constructed of dark red brick, with base-walls and window-sills of Concord Granite. At all corners are square pilasters with dark red terracotta capitals, each surmounted by a copper dome. The window effects in every part of the building are particularly fine, and form a very attractive feature in the ensemble.

The interior contains a rotunda in the centre 60 x 65 feet, which divides the building into two wings. This rotunda is open to the roof, exposing the massive oak timbers overhead, and finished from floor to roof-tree in the natural woods, with maps and traceries upon the walls which are of a working corresponding with the general style of the edifice. The floor is tiled with marble. Staircases of light and graceful iron work lead to galleries of the same material, extending around three sides of the rotunda, from which the general offices of the company in the various wings and stories are reached. The fine arrangement of the windows and the tasteful and appropriate coloring of the walls give this rotunda a particularly bright and airy appearance. The offices in each wing of the building occupy commodious and well finished and furnished apartments, each part in keeping with every other, and the whole presenting a unity of style and construction.

The train-shed attached to the main building is of iron, and is 770 feet long and 105 feet wide, with a covered driveway for carriages. Open on all sides, this department of the station is easy of access, sufficiently light in all its parts, while its great dimensions ensure the most complete protection for passengers and waiting assemblages in every kind of weather. The numerous trains passing through this centre find excellent accommodation here, and the process of entering and leaving their coaches and the transaction of any kind of station business find perfect facilities at this point.



CONCORD—THE STATE HOUSE.

CONCORD is the capital of the State of New Hampshire, and is built along the west bank of the Merrimack River, at a point about equi-distant between the ocean and the Connecticut River. The city was originally called Pennacook, from the Pennacook Indians that occupied its territory. At that time this section of New England was a part of Massachusetts, but was granted by that State in 1725, the Indians soon after vacating. In 1733 the place was called Rumford, from Count Rumford who resided here for many years, and who left his impress upon the institutions, memorials and history of this city as no other individual has ever done. Afterwards the place was called Bow, the proprietors of the town of that name claiming the place; and before the whole matter could be settled, the New Hampshire courts having decided that the Massachusetts grant had no value, all parties in interest referred the question to the King, through a commission, who decided in favor of the people of Rumford and of the grant. In 1765 a fourth change in the name took place, and it became Concord, as at present. In 1805 it was made the state capital.

Concord is very beautifully situated on high ground, that is levelled into table-lands after rising to a considerable elevation. Its outlooks are over many miles of the fairest valleys and intervalles, the landscapes being diversified by the Merrimack and other water surfaces, and presenting the finest characteristics of New England scenery. Within its limits are the headquarters of many important industries: as the wagon works, the largest in the world, the products of which are known in every country; furniture manufactories, harnesses, etc., etc. Within its limits are inexhaustible quarries of finest granite, which has been largely used in the construction of public buildings in various sections. Its water supply is unusually fine, and is from Lake Pennacook, within the northern borders of the city. Numerous bridges cross the Merrimack at this point, and the city has grown considerably on the east side of the river within recent years. The streets and thoroughfares as laid out are broad and attractive, great numbers of venerable shade trees enhancing their otherwise beautiful features. Public buildings and institutions are of frequent occurrence, relatively to the size of the population (fifteen thousand), among which the State Asylum for the Insane, St. Paul's School, the Union Railroad Station, and the State Capitol, are prominent. The Capitol is a fine structure, built of the native granite, upon one side of a miniature park fronting upon Main Street. The architecture is taking, and the proportions good. The views from the lofty and graceful dome are among the finest in New England. Within the building is the State Library of upwards of 13,000 volumes. The battle-flags captured in the secession war decorate the hall of the library, as do also several fine pictures of historic subjects and persons.



State House.
Concord, N.H.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

IN the little village of Millville, two miles out westward from the business centre of Concord, is the educational establishment known as St. Paul's School. Millville is beautifully situated naturally, with surrounding hills receding in successions on almost every side, a lakelet and a diminutive river within the basin or intervalle in which it is ensconced, and the fairest pastoral and varied rural scenes characterizing the outlooks in all directions. The school establishment is the centre of an intensely busy and progressive, but thoroughly quiet and peaceful, country life, a hive of industry set up in a retired nook as it were, whose inmates and belongings and interests have apparently little to do with the outside world, but where the hum of continual enterprise never ceases.

St. Paul's School is a Concord institution. The grounds upon which it stands were originally known as the "Shattuck Farm," and were given to the institution at its founding in 1855, by Dr. C. C. Shattuck, of Boston. In the years that have passed since its beginning it has become widely known as one of the finest schools for boys in the country,—in the world in fact,—and the great cities of the Union have sent representatives of their best families thither ever since its foundation. Its special province is the preparation of boys for all colleges and universities, and its work may be said to be exclusively in this branch. Essentially it is an Episcopal foundation, and its present establishment, endowments, government and management are all within that denomination.

At present St. Paul's has three hundred and fifty pupils. It is divided into Upper and Lower Schools, for which four large buildings have been provided, the pupils being classified according to years. A large school building for the older boys was added in 1891. There are also special buildings for the youngest boys, the extremes of age being carefully kept apart. For other buildings there is an infirmary; a gymnasium completely fitted, with a large hall in its upper story; buildings for dwellings, fitted up in every respect like the largest first-class hotels, and cottage residences for members of the Faculty. The old Chapel still remains; but two years ago the Chapel of Saint Peter and Saint Paul was built at a cost of \$100,000. This chapel has a surpliced choir of forty boys, one of the finest in the denomination. A large farm forms part of the establishment, which furnishes vegetables, fruits, dairy products, etc., far in excess of all the needs of the school. Every modern appliance and convenience for school and domestic life is to be found in this establishment. The drive out to St. Paul's, from the city centre, is one of the finest in the neighborhoods of the latter.



St Paul's School
CONCORD, N.H.

TILTON.

THE town of Tilton is ninety-seven miles from Boston, and is the first important centre north of Concord on the main line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad. The place was originally called Sanbornton Bridge, the present title being of comparatively recent origin, and derived from the principal family in the town of that name. Tilton is not without historic associations, and these of the most interesting character, although they relate chiefly to the times when the Indians occupied the territory and were the principal actors in its events. The largest Indian fortress in New England, consisting of several lines of intrenchments faced with stone and palisaded, was here situated, at the head of Little Bay. The remains of these works are still to be found. Tilton is the seat of the New Hampshire Seminary and Female College, which has a large body of students. Here, also, upon a breezy and most beautiful site a few miles out from the village, is the State Home for Disabled Soldiers, of recent establishment, but of most thorough and effective working. Tilton has a fine town hall, the gift of Charles E. Tilton, Esquire, the present representative of the Tilton name in this place; and within this hall are the portraits of Samuel and Alexander H. Tilton, from whom the name descended. In every part of the town the generosity and beneficence of the Tiltons are illustrated by establishments and memorials in great variety and beauty. The Winnepesaukee River flows through this town; and a short distance above the railroad station and within the village, upon an island in this river, is a charming summer house built by Mr. Tilton. Upon lofty heights overlooking the village stands a granite arch, a reproduction, in massive proportions, of the Napoleonic Triumphal Arch of the Champs Elysee in Paris. Statues and figures and fountains are scattered about in various localities within the streets and public places, all testifying to the public spirit and home attachments of the representatives of the Tilton name. The territory of the site is broken and hilly, and the outlooks from the hilltops and high lands are extremely fine. At this place the traveller northward bids goodbye to the charming Merrimack and its valley, and, pursuing his course, enters almost immediately upon the scenery of the mountain region. At East Tilton great mountains become prominent features in the landscapes, and large bodies of water close at hand from the railroad track evidence the approach to the lake section.

At Tilton is the junction of the Tilton and Belmont Branch with the main line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad. This branch has recently been completed, and runs through fine rural sections.



GARDNER'S GROVE.

THE Tilton and Belmont Branch is the title of one of the latest offshoots from the main line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad. As the name implies, this branch connects the towns of Tilton and Belmont, and is only about seven miles in length. Belmont lies well up among the foothills of the Belknap Range, and with Guilford and Gilmingtton occupies an intervale section between the Winnepesaukee River and the mountains of unequalled loveliness and attractions in summer—the very Acadia of pilgrims from abroad.

The characteristic community life of these sections is of farm and country homestead establishments. Though near the centres of the busy world, and within easy distance in every part of the lines of the great railroad above-mentioned, the hamlets and villages along this branch and under the shadow, as it were, of the beautiful mountain range that alone lifts its peaks south of Lake Winnepesaukee, present the very epitome of all that is restful and rural in New Hampshire summer home life, and offer charms to the health or recreation seeker impossible to be resisted when recognized. In all directions the country is broken and rolling, with the best of carriage roads winding over or around the successions of hills, and with lake or river or mountain never too far away to render these objective points for beautiful drives or pedestrian excursions, and offering the finest rewards to the visitor when they have been reached.

About half-way between Tilton and Belmont, and near the line of this branch railroad, is Gardner's Grove: one of those primitive, woodsy, naturally prepared localities of the old Granite State that seem to have been designed especially for the delectation of excursion makers and picnickers, and which apparently serve no other earthly purpose than to furnish a theatre for the delights and pastimes of the summer season. No grove is complete without its accompanying water-sheet; and Gardner's Grove is peculiarly favored in this respect, having a beautiful pond, or lakelet, in its midst, with fine sandy beach shores and excellent scenic qualities on every side. Upon the shores the cottages and camping stations of its regular summer visitors are to be found, with such buildings and constructions as are necessary for the entertainment of the summer population of the neighborhoods. Facilities for boating on the pond, and for every description of appropriate sporting and pastime on the land or water, are in full provision. For camping parties here and hereabouts the attractions are numerous indeed; and so retired and primitively natural is the locality that one can easily believe himself within the ancient wilds of the region, although he may be scarcely beyond the shrill warning of the locomotive, or the dull roar of the passing train.



In Gardner's
Grove.

LACONIA.

FROM the southwestern corner of Lake Winnepesaukee a chain of lesser lakes or large ponds extends southward for many miles, until they find a limit in the northern part of the Tilton territory. The outlet of Winnepesaukee is through this chain of lakelets; and the final collection of their waters is in that swift-moving stream, the Merrimack River. The largest body of the constituents of this chain is that nearest the great lake itself, and is usually known as Great Pond, but more properly as Lake Winnisquam—an Indian title signifying “beautiful water.” Winnisquam is about nine miles in length, and is two miles across at its widest point. “Beautiful water” indeed it is, dotted with lovely islets in all its upper portions, surrounded by finely wooded hills, the reflections of which in its waters make series of the finest summer pictures; and a centre, in summer and winter alike, of delights and sports and pastimes such as no inland water-sheet in New England can excel.

Along the eastern shore of Lake Winnisquam lies the town of Laconia, its northern limits only a mile or two removed from the mouth of Winnepesaukee, while on the east its territory reaches into the Belknap sections, and on the south joins Tilton. A town of factories and varying industries and artificial productions is this, full of the life and energy that characterize such centres, and presenting, it must be owned, some strong contrasts with the wonderfully fine natural scenery surrounding. Nevertheless, within its village lines are fine headquarters for the summer visitor or sojourner, from which excursions as frequent as desired may be made to points where nature still holds her primitive forms, wears her primeval vestments, and appears under the sun as when fresh from the hand of the Creator.

Eight miles and a half to the northeast, and so near the south shore of Lake Winnepesaukee as to fairly overlook it, ancient Mount Belknap lifts its head, one of the most symmetrical and nicely proportioned of mountains. The outlooks from Mount Belknap fairly surpass those from Red Hill, and include, besides Winnepesaukee and the lakes and mountains adjacent, fine views of the Presidential and Franconia ranges, and even a section of the Atlantic coast scenery along the Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts shores. The hills about Laconia village also afford excellent views over great sections of country, that enhance the natural attractiveness of their situations. The intervalles between Lake Winnisquam and the bases of the Belknap Range comprise rich farming lands, and are made up of those restful, quiet, and winsome localities which have so largely gained for New Hampshire its reputation as a summering state. In all these sections the summer boarding-house forms a most important and characteristic feature.



LAKE SHORE PARK.

UNTIL, very recently the entire south shore of Lake Winnepesaukee, from Lake Village on the west to Alton Bay on the east,—a distance of nearly twenty miles,—had been left, with a few exceptions, in the unreclaimed and primitive state which characterized it when the Indian alone formed the population of the region and called himself sole owner of its sections. Here and there along this border land there came to be in the course of time a few settlers' or farmers' establishments, appearing not half so frequently, however, on this shore as did mighty mountains in the magnificent view on its opposite. The lake fishermen, the sportsmen, and the pedestrian tourist also learned to know this adjunct of the lake more or less intimately, and always with the result that these wanderers had remarkable tales to tell of magnificent outlooks over the most fascinating scenes,—grand pictures of the lake and its islands from standpoints such as could be found nowhere else, and new revelations of the wealth of beauties belonging to old Winnepesaukee that characterize this shore. And they were right. Level and monotonous almost to tameness in comparison with every other of the surroundings of this wonderful lake, the immediate vicinities of its southern shores have yet an interest and attractiveness superior in some respects to anything that is presented elsewhere on its coasts. The views of mountain tracts and peaks and sides afforded all along the upper half of this shore have no superior in the mountain region. Even those from the Jefferson and Lancaster highlands, and from many similar famous points, must be regarded as in many respects far inferior.

The general outline of this shore is not very ragged or broken; indeed, it is almost as regular and symmetrical upon close view as it appears from distant standpoints. It presents many clear, sandy beaches, glistening white and clear in the sunshine or under the moon's rays; an occasional bold bluff in miniature, or stretch of semi-cliffy formation; and here and there alternating meadow and light woodlands, rolling down to the very edge of the water mark. There is the minimum of rock and ledge outcropping here; nor are there boldly jutting points, nor long-drawn tongues or spurs of shore indenting the waters in any part. Within a few miles of the western terminus of this shore, however, within the territory of Guilford, though not very near its thickly settled portion, is a sort of half-ambitious promontory that makes out into the waters of the lake farther than any other of its kind on the whole shore, and which is known as Carr's Point. Upon and about this point an establishment known as Lake Shore Park has been planted, its grounds laid out systematically into building-lots, pleasure and recreation inclosures and reservations, hotel sites and the like, and every advantage taken of the natural situations presented for summer homes and sojourning for large numbers of people. It is of the shore lands of this park and the outlines of its distant views that the following page gives a picture.



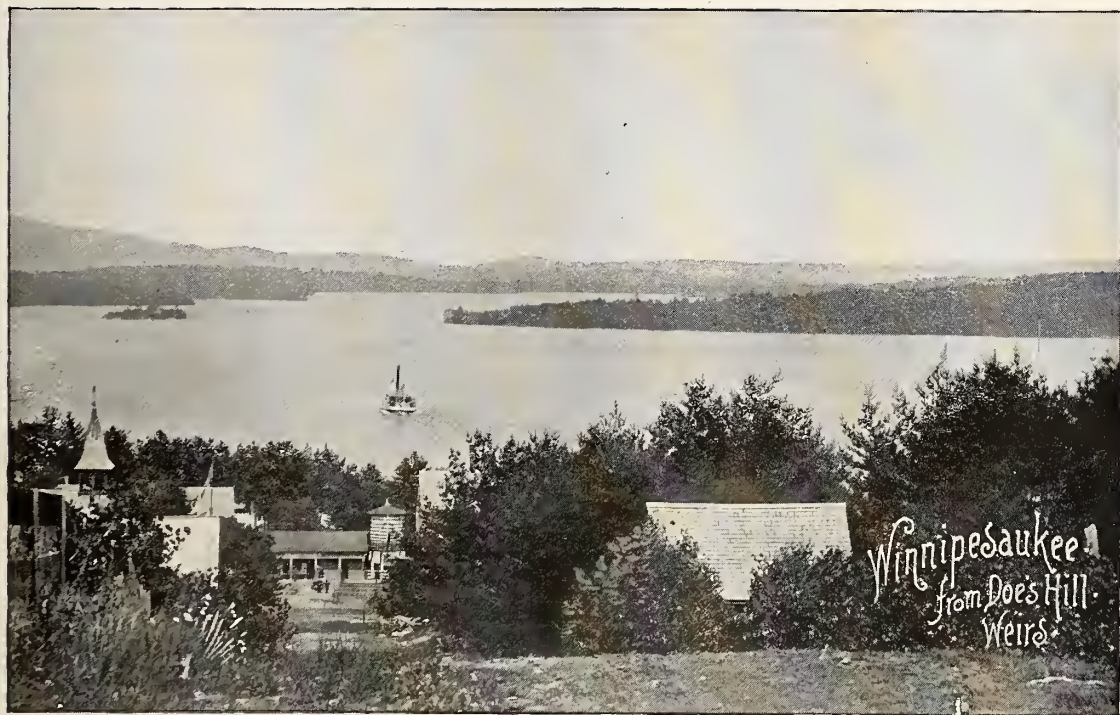
From Lake Shore Park.

THE WEIRS—WINNIPESAUKEE.

THE Weirs is a station on the extreme west shores of Lake Winnepesaukee, and takes its name from the fact that in days long gone by the Indians of the neighborhood, particularly the Winnepesaukee and Ossipee tribes, encamped here in the spring fishing season and filled the shallows near the outlet of the lake with fish-weirs, in which they took shad in great numbers. Here the Winnepesaukee tribe passed weeks together at this season of every year in feasting. The nets used by the Indians in fishing were spread along rude stone dams of their construction; and the remains of some of these structures were standing long after the place had been colonized by the whites.

The Weirs is a most picturesque spot; and even at the present day, after years of occupation and development by New Englanders, it retains largely its original wild and primitive features. Its territory rises boldly from the shores of the lake into successions of elevations and lofty hills, covered on every side with the woods-growths of the region—indeed, the forest element reaches to the very surf-line of the lake. From these elevations and hill-tops the most beautiful views of Winnepesaukee are obtained, often largely extended and comprehensive in their scope, as indicated in the cut facing this sketch. In summer time Weirs is a famous place of popular resort for societies and organizations of every kind, religious, military, masonic, etc., besides the great army of summer visitors that throughout the season find the locality peculiarly delightful. Grand out-door meetings and conventions of the organizations above referred to are held in the beautiful groves on the hillsides, the members often camping in the vicinity, or distributing among the hotels and cottages, of which there is excellent provision. The New Hampshire Veterans' Association has a grove of its own here, on the west side of the Concord & Montreal Railroad track; while the beautiful grove in which most of the religious meetings are held is between the track and the lake, and a short distance only from the railroad station. Near by the Weirs station, on the shore approaching the outlet of the lake, is the "Endicott Rock," a big boulder twenty feet in circumference, upon which are carved the initials of the chiefs of the colonial survey of 1652, and the name and title "John Endicott, Gov."

As viewed from Weirs, Winnepesaukee and its neighboring mountains and dotting islands present scenes often ravishingly beautiful. Nowhere else can the Ossipee Mountains, with the sharp peak of Chocorua on their left, be seen to such great advantage. From the landing at Weirs the steamer "Lady of the Lake" makes daily trips to Centre Harbor, Long Island and Wolfeboro.



Winnepesaukee
from Does Hill.
Weirs.

CENTRE HARBOR.

ON the northwestern shores of Lake Winnepesaukee, on one of the little bays that make into the land in this section, lies Centre Harbor, one of the most beautiful localities of the lake neighborhoods. Centre Harbor lies distant from Weirs about ten miles, and is most easily reached by steamboat from that place, the route lying through the most attractive and picturesque portions of the Winnepesaukee scenery. It is also connected by excellent carriage road with Meredith, on the main line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad, a few miles north from Weirs; but the lake route is usually preferred in reaching it, and in the course of it the finest possible views of the lake are obtained, and also many charming outlooks upon notable mountain scenes comparatively near at hand. Centre Harbor takes its name—although it does not follow the original spelling—from Colonel Senter, who settled here in 1757. Besides the advantages of lying along the beautiful shores of the lake, this place is a centre from which diverge some of the finest drives in the scenic region of New Hampshire. Centre Harbor Hill, Red Hill, Shepherd Hill, the beautiful chain of Squam Lakes, Ashland, Plymouth, and the mountains of the Sandwich Range,—all these points are readily reached by the driveways leading outward from Centre Harbor, and excursions made in their directions are always in order and full of delights for the summer visitors to the place. From Centre Harbor to the base of Red Hill the drive is four miles. Red Hill is upwards of two thousand feet in height, and a bridle path two miles long extends from the base to its summit. From the top of Red Hill views of the lake in all its parts, of Mount Belknap and the southern country, and of lofty mountains almost innumerable on every hand, are obtained, and richly reward all adventurers who make the ascent. Mount Kearsarge, thirty miles away in the southwest, is easily visible from this summit; and when the air is clearest and the sun shines brightest, old Monadnock, seventy miles away in the same direction, may also be seen.

The Senter House, overlooking the landing-place of the steamboats at Centre Harbor, is one of the great hotels of the mountain region, and occupies also one of the most attractive sites. Its predecessor of the same name stood a few rods further back from the shore than the present building, but was destroyed by fire a few years since. For lake and mountain scenery combined, Centre Harbor has no equal in the old Granite State.



Centre Harbor, N.H.

SQUAM RIVER—ASHLAND.

LEAVING Weirs and going northward by the main line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad, the Meredith villages—lying along Meredith Bay of Lake Winnepesaukee—are first traversed, and twelve miles from Weirs the pretty village of Ashland is reached. Ashland is a thriving, stirring manufacturing town, with a lively, typical New England community as its chief motive power. Within the limits of Ashland the Squam and Pemigewasset Rivers unite; and it is the waters of the first-named river that, enlarging and spreading out into lake formations that succeed each other like links in a gigantic chain, and which are usually known as the Squam Lakes, gives to the section east and southeast from Ashland much of its singular beauty and attractiveness. The drive from Ashland to Centre Harbor on Lake Winnepesaukee is about eleven miles; and if more of fascinating scenery, made up of mountains, lake and river waters, and intervalles of the loveliest description, can be found anywhere in New England than exists within view from this roadway, few people have yet heard of it.

From Ashland to Plymouth, by the main line of the railroad above-named, the distance is about five miles. From Meredith, on the south, the distance to Ashland is about nine miles, and four miles of this lies along the shores of Waukawan Lake and Long Pond. The natives of the section have substituted for the pretty Indian title of Waukawan Lake the local name of "Measley Pond," which is hardly suggestive of the beautiful surroundings that here take place.

It is almost curious to note how completely from beginning to end of its lines the Concord & Montreal Railroad system occupies the shores of rivers or lake waters in its routes. From Nashua to Tilton its main line hardly leaves the banks of the Merrimack. At Tilton the waters of the Winnepesaukee River are reached and crossed. At Laconia, hardly more than a half dozen miles from Tilton, Lake Winnisquam is skirted, which, with its succeeding water-sheets, gives a bay shore throughout Laconia and Lakeport until Lake Winnepesaukee is reached. Along the whole west shore of Winnepesaukee, and always within biscuit-toss of it, the main line stretches to Meredith; and from Meredith to Ashland, Waukawan and Long Island succeed. Shortly above Plymouth the Connecticut comes into view; and the whole length of the Ammonoosuc, from its junction with the Connecticut to the base of Mount Washington, is almost exactly followed. Nor must the Pemigewasset and other river valleys be forgotten. Truly this is a great river and lake route.



SQUAM LAKE.

THE body, or bodies, of water usually known as Squam Lake is really made up of a succession of lakelets of varying size and outlines, each well-defined and complete within itself, but all collectively presenting the features of a widely extended long-drawn lake formation. These lakelets are uniquely distributed, and their assemblage is a natural wonder in a section where singular and striking natural features are as common as woods-growth upon a mountain side. In another sketch in this little volume reference has been made to the road-way leading from Ashland, on the main line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad, to Centre Harbor, on the shore of Lake Winnepesaukee. This road runs directly through the Squam Lake sections for many miles, following closely the shores of the lakelets, and occasionally crossing the river when it is narrowed down to the ordinary limits of a stream connecting the broader water-sheets.

The revelations of beauty and attractiveness in natural scenery incident to a drive over this road are remarkable. The valley holding the Squam waters is hemmed in on every side by lofty hills, that occasionally rise to the dignity of mountains overlooking the scenes; and now and then, as the road itself winds over some border hill, great mountain ranges or individual peaks near to or remote from the valley come into view, the never failing objects of delight and exciting experiences to the beholder. The contrast in the landscapes between these broad water-surfaces outspread over thousands of acres of valley lands and the variously rising mountain heights stretching as far away as the eye can see on every hand, fairly captivates every witness of their effects, and fascinates as superb pictures of rarest merit never can. On every side the scenes are wildly beautiful.

The waters of Squam Lake are of the rarest purity, and they are dotted in every part with islands, the colors of whose verdure and foliage in summer time enhance the attractions of their white, sandy shores and those of the main land bordering upon the lake. About half way between Ashland and Centre Harbor the road passes over Shepard Hill, a boldly rising elevation of goodly height in the very heart of the lake section. Upon the summit of this hill stands the Asquam House, a mountain hotel of the first quality. Riding forward from Shepard Hill to Centre Harbor the road runs very near the base of Red Hill, concerning which a noted mountain writer has said, "Whoever misses the view from Red Hill loses the most fascinating and thoroughly enjoyable view, from a moderate mountain height, that can be gained from any eminence that lies near the tourists' path."



Squam Lake, N.H.

MEREDITH, N.H.

NEXT north of Weirs, on the main line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad, lies Meredith, one of the most picturesque of all the lake towns, and possessed of peculiar attractions and advantages for summer visitors to New Hampshire. Meredith Village is about thirty-seven miles from Concord and one hundred and twelve miles from Boston. This village is beautifully situated upon an ample bay that makes inland from Lake Winnepesaukee, and forms its extreme northwest section. Into this bay the small steamers that traverse the great lake enter in summer time affording for Meredith a water route connection with Centre Harbor, Weirs, Lakeport and the havens and harbors at the east end of the lake. Ashland is the next town northward on the line of the railroad, and between Meredith and Ashland there is another charming water-sheet—Lake Waukawan. Also within the territory of this town are numerous lesser lakes and large ponds, with several streams which have been utilized for manufacturing purposes. As will be seen the water features of this place are in great number and most superior character; and therein lies a peculiar merit of the town as a summer resort. Centre Harbor is distant from Meredith about five miles, and the two places are connected by an excellent road, running through fine scenic sections, and forming one of the best driveways in the State. On the north, in the neighborhoods of Lake Waukawan, the outlooks include some fine mountain scenery, Moosilauke, Mount Prospect, Sandwich Dome, Tripyramid, White Face, Passaconaway, and other peaks rising in the immediate foreground.

Meredith has already become a summer resort of no mean pretensions, and its importance in this regard is increasing with every season that passes. The shores and islands of its manifold lakes are admirably adapted for sojourning and camping purposes, and the facilities it affords for boating, fishing and water sports and pastimes generally, are not surpassed in any other locality in the region. The town has a population of about two thousand—wide-awake, progressive and typical New England people, who are intensely interested in developing the natural resources and capabilities of the place, and consequently do all in their power to enhance the pleasures of summer visitors to their sections, and render their sojourn agreeable. Indeed, Meredith has many claims upon the public seeking pleasure and recreation in summer time that are not presented in the foregoing of this sketch, but are directly in line with the situations as already presented.

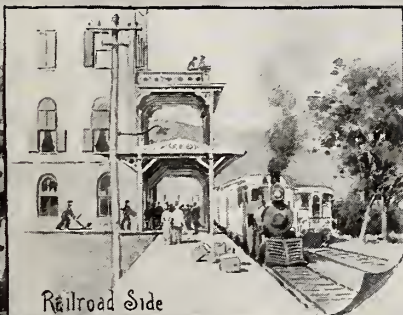


PLYMOUTH.

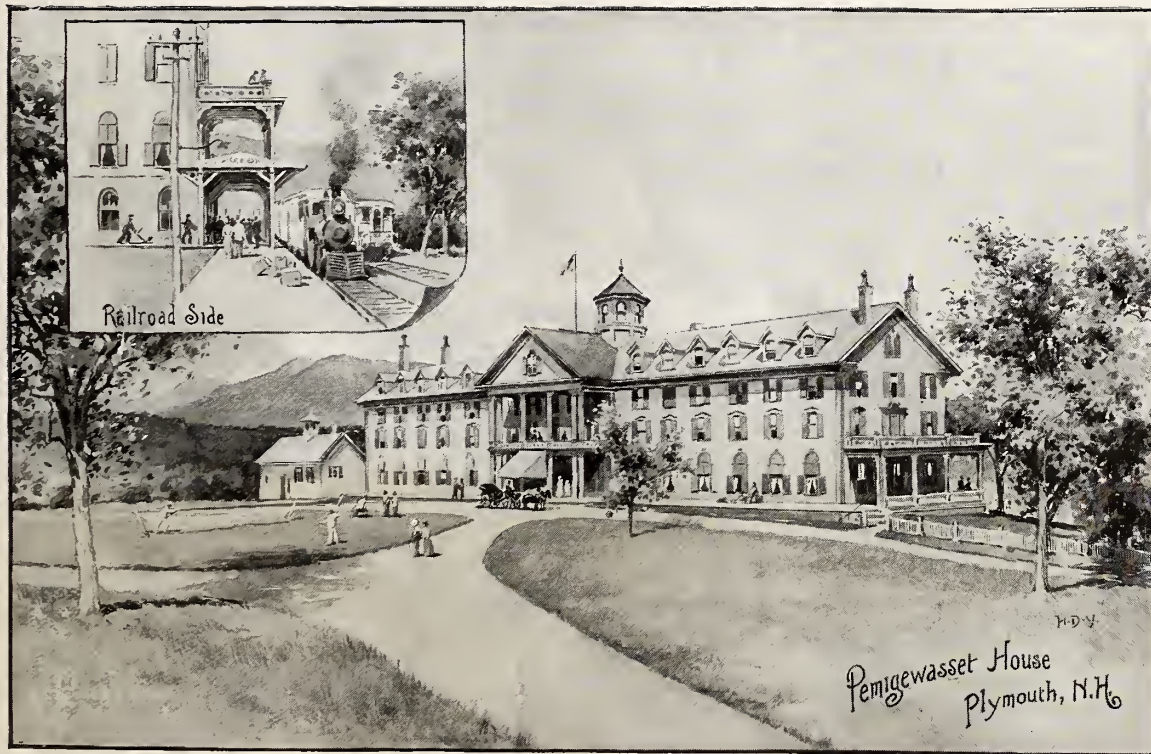
PLYMOUTH, the shire town of Grafton County, may be said to lay fairly within the gateway of the White Mountains region on the west. Situated near the junction of the Pemigewasset and Baker's rivers, it is indeed a beautiful New England village, in the midst of most attractive scenery; nor is it without an interesting history of its own. In one of its ancient buildings the voice of the young lawyer, Daniel Webster, was heard making his first plea before a jury. Its territory has witnessed many fierce conflicts between its white settlers and the native Indians, for Indian villages were once more numerous about here than are white residents at the present day. In the great hotel here, Nathaniel Hawthorne met his death in 1864. Though not large in population the place is a considerable trade centre, and has some manufacturers that have become celebrated in every mart in the Northern United States.

The mountain scenery about Plymouth is notably attractive. In the near neighborhood is Mount Monadnock, and lofty peaks loom skyward all the way round from this elevation to Mount Moosilauke. The opening into the Pemigewasset Valley is a doorway of the town, so to speak; while beyond is Mount Prospect, from which the Franconia and White Mountains, Osceola and White Face, the Squam Range, some Sandwich peaks, with the waters of Squam Lake and Winnepesaukee outspread in the intervals, form a succession of grandest features in the landscapes. In the village itself numerous slightly hills are to be found overlooking great sections of the wild country of the region, and no point in the White Mountains territory affords a finer centre from which to make delightful excursions, pedestrian or driving, than does this ancient county seat. The railroad here follows closely the river bank, and the river forms the eastern boundary of the town, while on the far side of its narrow waters the charming intervals and rolling uplands of the town of Holderness are outspread. Just within the Pemigewasset Valley are the picturesque Livermore Falls, in the neighborhood of which is to be found one of the famous fish-hatching establishments of the country.

One of the finest modern possessions of the town is its great hotel, the Pemigewasset House, a fair specimen of the caravansaries that have of late years been established at the most important central points within the White Mountains territory. This hotel is owned and its operations are directed by the Concord & Montreal Railroad, the express trains of the latter rolling literally to the very doorways of its basement, and making seasonable stop here always for the refreshment of their passengers. The Pemigewasset House is of itself a noted institution of Plymouth.



Railroad Side



H.D.V.
Pemigewasset House
Plymouth, N.H.

FRANCONIA NOTCH.

PERHAPS no scenery of the Franconia Notch is more interesting than that which lies about its northern opening,—its gateway as it were,—where so many wonderful natural phenomena and manifestations are grouped. Here are mountains on every hand, exhibiting all the features and peculiarities that render the White Mountains region irresistibly attractive to every mortal coming within their influence, and possessing some characteristics of their own that fascinate all beholders. Here is the "Old Man of the Mountain," his stony face set inflexibly in the mountain-top, as with far-off gaze he looks out over the world, as it were, noting only the flight of time and the vicissitudes of centuries. Here, at the base of the upheaval from which he has looked forth for ages, is Profile Lake; and across the plateau on the north its twin creation, Echo Lake, of which one has said: "Franconia is more fortunate in its little tarn, that is rimmed by the undisturbed wilderness and watched by the grizzled peak of Lafayette, than in the Old Stone Face from which it has gained so much celebrity." Between the two lakes, and occupying the diminutive plateau aforesaid, is the hotel establishment known as the Profile House, as notable in the artificial as are its surroundings in the natural world. Here Lafayette and Cannon, and Eagle and Bald Mountains, and heights that are little else than perpendicular rock-masses, lofty and serrated, look down majestically upon every situation they enclose, and upon every living, moving thing that passes before their portals, or ventures into the ravine they guard perpetually. Hereabouts cascades fall, and silvery streams, taking their rise upon the mountain-sides, begin courses that are continued among scenes even more picturesque and grandly beautiful than can be found at this marvellous gateway.

And the situation thus magnificently opened becomes more and more attractive and wonderful as one advances upon it. The delights and revelations and superb natural presentations of the Franconia Notch no word-painting nor descriptive effort can adequately set forth. These must be seen, and seen many times and under varying circumstances, to be entirely appreciated.

The Notch is about seven miles long from end to end, and opens on the south directly into the Pemigewasset Valley, with ancient Pemigewasset Mountain standing like a sentinel to guard the approaches to the latter. The wild scenery of the Notch is fitly continued in the Valley, in different forms and more roomy situations, however.



PEMIGEWASSET—THE VALLEY AND THE MOUNTAIN.

FROM Plymouth, on the main line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad above Lake Winnepesaukee, to the Profile House at the head of Franconia Notch, is a distance of about thirty-one miles, at least three-quarters of which is within the picturesque Pemigewasset Valley. Formerly the trip between these two points was made entirely by stage-coach or private conveyance; but within recent years the Concord & Montreal Railroad has sent out a spur extending throughout the greater part of the valley, or from Plymouth to North Woodstock, which is known as the Pemigewasset Branch. The added facilities have greatly stimulated summer travel in this most wildly beautiful of all the White Mountain sections; and neighborhoods that were once intimately known only to artists and enthusiastic lovers of nature, have been revealed to thousands upon thousands of delighted visitors, who never tire of recounting their experiences while in this valley, or anticipating the time when they may return there.

The Pemigewasset Valley has presented superior attractions to the artist and the poet ever since the natural scenery of the Old Granite State began to be known outside its limits. Longfellow and Whittier never failed to find inspiration among its features, and artists without number have admired and studied and pictured its scenes until the stay-at-homes in every part of the country are almost as familiar with its situations as are those who have personally explored its wonders. Mad River; the hills and woods, grottos and caves, about Campton; the cliffs and ravines and primitive natural scenery in the Thornton neighborhoods; the glorious revelation of mighty mountains more or less remote, isolated or in groups or chains, incident to every part of the valley, but crowding more and more thickly as the way is pursued northward,—these characteristics are full of exciting and delightful experiences for the traveller or sojourner, and richly reward all efforts made in their seeking.

The Pemigewasset River, outflowing from Profile Lake at the far end of Franconia Notch, falls upwards of fifteen hundred feet in its course before arriving at Plymouth. The railroad, so far as it goes, and the stage road follow closely the pathway of this river for its entire length. The valley is hardly entered from Plymouth before its wonders begin to become apparent. The river winds sometimes among luxuriant meadow-lands, broad and open, with dark hill borders crowned with the richest forest growths on either hand; or it dashes through narrow gorges, or wildernesses contracted among cliffs and crags. At various points great mountains come into view—Lafayette, Lincoln, Liberty, Flume, Pemigewasset, Cannon, Kinsman, Little Coolidge, Big Coolidge, the Potash Mountains. Mount Pemigewasset marks the junction of the Pemigewasset Valley and Franconia Notch.



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THE FLUME.

NOT far from the lower, or southernmost, end of Franconia Notch, and about six miles below the Profile House, is "The Flume," a wonderful natural fissure in the side of Flume Mountain, upwards of seven hundred feet in length, and walled by precipitous crags and rock masses from twenty to seventy, or even more, feet in height. Through this gorge a swift-running brook descends, its waters torn to shreds for the whole distance. The Flume has been regarded from the earliest days as one of the most remarkable of the natural features incident to White Mountains scenery; but it is not now what it once was. Formerly its walls were contracted more and more as the beginning of the gorge was neared at its upper end, until the craggy masses rose almost perpendicularly, or slightly overhanging, to their greatest height, and the opening was only a few feet in width between them. At the very top of this opening a huge boulder, tons in weight, and of colossal dimensions, was held in place by the firm pressure of the crags upon it, suspended in such manner that it seemed as if the slightest relaxation of the hold upon it—a jar of the mountain following a thunder-burst, or the crumbling of its faces through its own weight—would precipitate the mass upon the bed of the brook below. The situation was one of rare beauty and interest, even in a region where grand and impressive natural scenes are scattered about like ships upon the ocean. The views from the Flume House, on the side-hills opposite the bed of the cañon into which the Flume opened at its lower end, were, and still remain, of the very finest in the mountains.

But, in the early part of the last decade, this feature of mountain scenery was changed "in the twinkling of an eye," so to speak. On the 19th of June, 1883, at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a terrible rumbling and roaring and thundering was heard at the Flume House. For forty minutes immediately preceding the time above mentioned the terrible natural concert continued, its awful music being distinctly heard at Bethlehem, seventeen miles away; and all the while torrents of rain poured down the mountain sides.

At its conclusion great rents were seen upon the sides of Flume and Liberty Mountains, the largest upon the first named. A landslide of tremendous proportions had taken place, with effects impossible to be adequately described. The suspended boulder was gone; nor has its whereabouts ever yet been discovered with certainty. It was one of the lesser slides from the face of Mount Liberty which passed through the Flume, and, dividing into three parts as it neared the river upon which the Flume opens, widened and deepened the gorge of the Flume to much more than double its former proportions, and deposited a débris of rocks and tree-trunks and mountain masses in its course that marvellously illustrate the natural forces that must have been exerted.

But still the Flume and its surroundings constitute one of the most attractive spots in the White Mountains.



In the Flume
Franconia
Notch.

FRANCONIA NOTCH.

FRANCONIA NOTCH is the name given to one of those narrow, deep-set gorges found here and there in the White Mountains region ; and, wherever found, always picturesque, attractive, and presenting the grandest scenic qualities. The general direction of this Notch is north and south ; its length, about six miles. At its northern opening stands the stately and picturesque Mount Lafayette on the east, with its spur, Eagle Cliff, apparently directly across the head of the way ; and Mount Cannon on the western side, with its marvellous stone face looking into the far distance, as though its gaze was fixed upon some object outside the limits of the world. Here are Echo Lake and Profile Lake, with the Profile House establishment occupying the diminutive plateau between them, while Lafayette and Cannon rear their huge forms from almost within the very shadow of this caravansary. Lafayette is monarch of the Franconia section, being 5,200 feet in height—the highest elevation, in fact, of the White Mountains outside the Presidential Range.

Echo Lake empties its waters into the Ammonoosuc River on the north. The overflow of Profile Lake flows directly southward through the Franconia Notch and the Pemigewasset Valley, to mingle at last with the waters of the Merrimac. Its descent from the northern to the southern openings of the Notch is upwards of five hundred feet, or about one hundred feet to the mile ; and, consequently, it is throughout a brawling, noisy, aggressive torrent in miniature, eating into the ledges and rock-masses at myriad points along its course, and scooping out for itself numberless pools and basins and deep-sunken channels as it flows. It is one of the most picturesque streams in the region, and exceedingly attractive to study.

One of the finest of mountain roads follows the course of the brook throughout the entire length of the Notch, never more than a few feet away from its channel, and usually threading close upon its edge. After leaving the Profile House this road very nearly skirts the shore of Profile Lake ; and, from the wooded knolls between it and the head of the lake, the best possible view of the Old Man of the Mountain is to be had. The brook and the road together occupy about the whole width of the base of the Notch, the Franconia Mountain rising abruptly like a barrier wall on the east all the way ; while a group of detached elevations, of which Mount Kinsman and Cannon, or Profile Mountain, are on the west. The scenery is wildly grand for the entire distance, and the drive one of the finest in the White Mountains. The Notch, too, affords a fine route for a pedestrian excursion, and robust walkers of either sex can easily pass from end to end of its gorge on foot, while its myriad and ever varying attractions make one unmindful of all the fatigues of the exercise, and thoroughly compensate for all the time and effort spent in the passage.



Echo Lake
and Franconia Notch

BAKER'S RIVER VALLEY.

AFTER leaving Plymouth and the entrance to the Pemigewasset Valley, the main line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad runs for twenty miles through the valley of Baker's River. In this valley the railway has stations at Rumney, West Rumney, Wentworth and Warren, four villages whose picturesque and rural situations are not surpassed by any of their kind in New England. The intervalles are bordered by ranges of high hills, and these arise occasionally into mountain elevations fair to gaze upon, and looking out only over the fairest scenery. In Rumney is Stinson's Mount; at Wentworth, Carr's Mountain on the east and Cuba Mountain on the west; and venerable Mt. Moosilauke lies only a short five miles from the village of Warren. Within this valley thus embowered in hills the Indians once roved and exercised their free will; and, in later times, after the whites had begun their settlements, committed some atrocities too, as Stinson's Mount and Lake can testify. But the scenes are peaceful enough nowadays, and wonderfully attractive with the quiet beauty that characterizes the river lands of the old Granite State in every part.

Rumney is about sixty miles from Concord, and has a population of a little more than one thousand souls. Looking northward the extreme of the Mount Carr range is upon the left, and beyond the lofty elevations in the town of Ellsworth tower. On the right is old Stinson, and in the distance Rattlesnake Mountain—appropriately named when its title was bestowed. The elevations about West Rumney are known as the Groton Hills. Wentworth was so named in honor of Gov. Benning Wentworth, and is a thriving, typical New Hampshire town. Warren is perhaps the most picturesque of all the towns in this neighborhood, being mountainous on every side, and greatly diversified and varied in its scenery. A peculiarity of its territory is the great number of clear running brooks found within its limits, all of them attractive, and many of them broken in cascades. Perhaps the finest of these is Hurricane Brook, which descends from Mount Carr, a tumbling, hurrying, scurrying, miniature torrent, whose impetuosity has gained for it its suggestive name. Mount Moosilauke and Mounts Carr, Waternomee, Kineo, Mist, and Webster's Slide are all in full view from Warren standpoints, and the objects of excursions of the summer visitors to this place. In the northern part of the territory of this town is the ridge which forms the highest point crossed by the main line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad, and which divides the waters of the Merrimack and its contributors from those of the Connecticut on the immediate west. The summit of this ridge is 1063 feet above the level of the sea. The summit passed, the descent towards the Connecticut River is at once begun, and the scenery becomes somewhat changed in character.



X

MOOSILAUKE.

MOUNT MOOSILAUKE, the distinguished peak of the western White Mountains region, is situated upon the line between the towns of Benton and Warren, the greater portion of it being in the town first named; but it is reached from the Warren station of the main line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad by a carriage drive of about five miles. Moosilauke is entirely isolated from other mountains, is 4,811 feet in height,—the highest peak west of Mount Lafayette,—and commands views from its summit as extensive and varied as those from Mount Washington, and by many persons declared to be even superior to those of that king of the mountains.

Considerable controversy has taken place over the name of this mountain, and those interested are not yet united in conclusions regarding the same. Many people believe it to have been originally "Moose Hillock," and the people living in its neighborhoods very generally give it that title. Others regard it of Indian origin, and derived from the words "moosi" and "auke," signifying a bald place. The poet Whittier evidently inclines to the first-mentioned derivation; and, in "The Bridal of Pennacook," he refers to

"Moosehillock's mountain range,"

as though he had thoroughly settled upon the proper spelling of the word as a descriptive term.

Concerning the scenery included in the outlooks from this mountain, a distinguished writer has declared: "The panorama which is spread before you at the summit of Moosilauke is the most extensive I have found in New England, not excepting that from Mounts Washington and Lafayette, over which it possesses many advantages." Its summit broadens out into a plateau of considerable area, and the sunset and sunrise views from this are wonderfully fine. The town of Warren is peculiarly rich in scenic points, Carr's Mount, Webster's Slide, Owl's Head and Peaked Hill lying all within its limits, from the last-named of which a fine view of Moosilauke is obtained. Within the Warren territory is also the famous Hurricane Brook, presenting a series of most picturesque cascades,—Fairy, Rocky, Oak, Wolf's Head, Watnomée Cascades, and Hurricane Falls, with a beautiful basin half hidden in the wilds in contrast, known as Diana's Washbowl. The outlooks from Moosilauke include the Green Mountains of Vermont, a few Canadian peaks and some portions of the State of Maine for remote views, with the White and Franconia Ranges, Winnepesaukee, the Connecticut Valley, etc., in the foregrounds.



LISBON.

LISBON is one of the river towns lying west of the principal mountain section of New Hampshire, and is, in situation, exceedingly picturesque and attractive. The Connecticut River and its beautiful valley is reached by the main line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad at Haverhill, a point eighty-five miles north from Concord, and one hundred and sixty miles from Boston. Passing still northward from this point a distance of eight miles, the village of Woodsville is reached, and within this territory the Ammonoosuc River, which takes its rise in Mount Washington, makes junction with the Connecticut River. Leaving now the Connecticut and following the course of the Ammonoosuc, the main line above referred to passes first through Bath and then Lisbon, the Ammonoosuc being crossed twice after leaving the Connecticut Valley before the Lisbon station is reached.

Lisbon is in the midst of a mineral region, and within its territory are several gold mines. It is a place of large summer resort also, and possesses several well-known hotels and boarding-houses. The drives thither from Littleton, ten miles away, from Bethlehem through Franconia, and from other centres, are reckoned among the finest in the mountains. Sugar Hill is in Lisbon; and many other charming localities within its territorial limits have become popularly known as excursion points or summering places.

These upper river towns of New Hampshire have many peculiarities of situation and natural resources that render them especially desirable for summer visitation and sojourning. Particularly is this the case with the towns and villages in the Connecticut Valley, and with the settlements along the Ammonoosuc, which indeed are not very plentiful, except for the last few miles of its course, and east of Littleton scarcely exist at all. Indeed, among the White and Franconia Mountains, villages, and even hamlets, are few and very far between; and such thriving, wide-awake and busy centres as Lisbon are entirely unknown outside the sections above referred to. To make excursions for shopping or banking, or even to consult a physician, requires therefore a drive of several miles from the great hotels, a condition which does not in the least mar the situations in the estimation of the summer populations, and which, it must be confessed, forms one of the leading commendations of this region for pleasure-seekers. Among the community centres thus situated Lisbon is one of the most prominent; and its thrifty, well-ordered establishment makes favorable impression upon all comers.



SUGAR HILL.

IN the adjacent territory lying west and northwest of the White Mountains, and especially in the sections between the Franconia Mountains and the Ammonoosuc and Connecticut rivers, there are many charming bits of scenery, made up of intervale and side-hill with hamlets and villages interspersed here and there, superlatively attractive, peaceful and delightful. The Bethlehem villages are the largest of these community assemblages on the Ammonoosuc side, while Franconia and the clustering buildings of hotel establishments scattered about from Littleton on the north to Haverhill on the southwest, represent every grade and condition of these centres for summer population.

To all these centres and sections interest especially attaches in summer time; for at this season each, with an attractiveness peculiarly its own, draws to itself a constituency that has somehow discovered its claims and merits, and become enamored of its advantages. Through the representations and testimony of those who best know the localities these constituencies increase in volume year by year; for it is by no means the case that the great caravansaries of the mountain region of New Hampshire shelter the larger part of the yearly visitors to that portion of the State. The villages and hamlets, the boarding-houses and farmhouses of just such spots as are here describing, win after all by far the greatest number of patrons while the warm months are on, and the great tide of summer visitation leaves its elements here and there in all parts of the territory it floods instead of depositing its volume in one vast billow upon any particular shore. The great hotels are centres of society and "stylish" circles; but the quiet, popular every-day life of the people finds its manifestations in such localities as are above referred to.

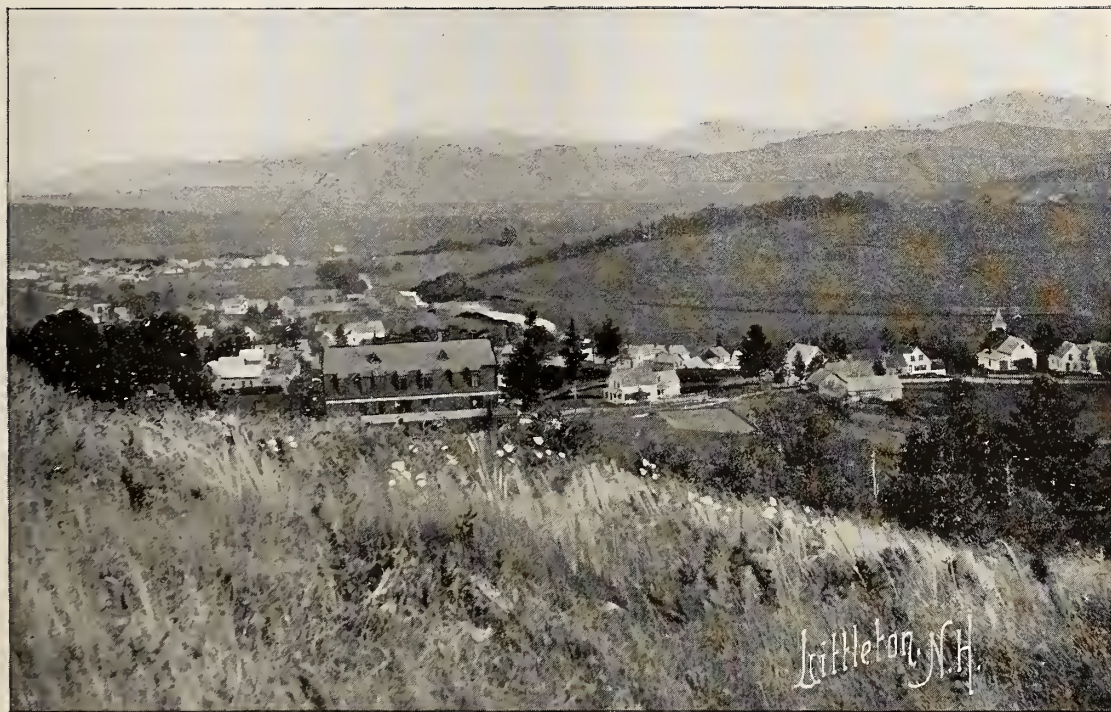
Passing from Bethlehem village to the Profile House at the head of Franconia Notch, the way lies directly through the little hamlet of Franconia. The distance from Bethlehem to the Notch is about nine miles; Franconia lies about half-way between the two places. This drive is one of the most beautiful in the whole mountain region, being through gently sloping side-hill or "shelf" country for nearly the whole distance, with the picturesque sections that characterize Gale River giving variety to the scenes. From the Franconia neighborhood the outline of Sugar Hill appears a few miles distant as a horizon, studded and crowned with hotels and summer establishments, and presenting natural and artificial features of attractiveness in every part that cannot be ignored or passed unnoticed by any summer traveller. Reversing the situations, the outlooks from Sugar Hill are of superb quality, and the merits of the place for sojourn or summer residence are of the highest order.



LITTLETON.

LITTLETON is a representative New England town, the largest and most complete in its establishment to be found in the New Hampshire sections on the north of the White Mountains. Its original name was Chiswick, and it has still many reminders of that designation among its institutions. It is most beautifully situated upon the Ammonoosuc and Connecticut Rivers, having fifteen miles of territory lying along the last-named stream. Its main village, however, is found at the extreme easterly end of the township on the Ammonoosuc, and it is essentially an Ammonoosuc Valley settlement. This river, as it passes through the town site, flows over masses of rock-bed and projecting ledges, that frequently rise into miniature crags on either bank, upon the levels of which, or along their terraced edges, the buildings of the village stand. The river hereabouts is finely picturesque, and characterizes scenery rarely to be met with outside this section of New England. On the north bank of the river the main street of the village, with its row of buildings on either side, seems to occupy a sort of natural shelf, that has been broadened and levelled to fit it for community uses, and which looks down upon the stream it overhangs as Alpine villages are frequently found occupying in European countries. From this main street steep elevations, that would be called mountains anywhere else, rise to fairly magnificent heights, their sides dotted with hamlets and individual estates, and summer hostelries of greater or less pretensions, among which the village roads and driveways course most attractively, inviting the sojourner to cloud-seeking visits and excursions, and promising most abundant rewards for all efforts made in climbing them.

From myriad points upon these hillsides, and along their lofty summits, the views obtained are grand indeed. The nearest of the Franconia Mountains are about ten miles away, and from these all along the line of the Franconia and White Mountains ranges, and away around to the individual noted peaks in the northeast, the heights that have made this region famous are visible in their most representative members—an unbroken line of peaks, any one of which might form a study for a world. Between these mountains and the Littleton points of observation lies an enclosed section of miles in extent in any direction, over which the vision ranges with peculiar satisfaction and delight. The valley of the Ammonoosuc is revealed from end to end. Sections of meadow, pasture, intervale, and rolling uplands lie outspread, with groves and miniature forests at intervals, and foot hills climbing ambitiously almost within the shadows of the mountain sides. On every hand the scenes are grandly beautiful.



WHITEFIELD.

TO those interested in the business or economic pursuits of New Hampshire the town of Whitefield stands as a grand centre of the lumbering interests of this State. But for thousands of persons who have discovered or experienced that the sections lying immediately northward of the main body of the White Mountains are filled with the fairest farming villages, the most fascinating and picturesque scenery, and the most inviting retreats for over-wearied mortals needing rest and recreation, Whitefield and its neighboring community establishments represent a far different condition of things. It is entirely true that the business interests of this little township are of considerable importance, and are largely in excess of those usually found in connection with New England little-town life; and the place derives a peculiar characterization from this fact. But the constituency that visits this locality having regard to business matters alone is exceeding small, when compared with that larger body of the interested who find in all this section a summer paradise that year after year attracts them, as the woods and lake attract the sportsman, or the ocean the sailor.

Within this town begins the Whitefield & Jefferson Branch of the Concord & Montreal Railroad, which here leaves the main line and runs off at right angles in a direct easterly course to a terminus in Jefferson. By an extension of this Branch, to be made the present year, a new route will be opened to the Glen House, via Glen Road, by which passengers from New York can reach the Glen House the same day, and which will afford a direct route from Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, and the Adirondacks. At the intersection of this branch with the main line the railroad lies along a steep, almost precipitous bluff, overlooking finely situated valley lands and rural scenes suggestive of the best conditions for summering. The Whitefield village lies in this valley about a mile below the railroad, and, as the illustration facing this sketch indicates, is dotted in the most unconventional and picturesque way upon the gently sloping hillsides, with outlooks upon long-drawn mountain ranges and a series of open plains forming a grand intervalle between. The scenery all the way along this branch, or by the highway, which affords a most delightful drive from Whitefield to Jefferson, is characterized by a constant succession of these views, plain and pasture and plateau alternating in the intervalle that slopes away so broadly from the mountain bases.

Nevertheless, comparatively few people who visit New Hampshire in summer fully understand the advantages which these northern sections present for sojourning or residence in summer time. Within the full view of the mountains as they are,—almost overshadowed by them, in fact,—they have still many of the distinguishing features of the valley lands in the southern portion of the State,—fine farms, rural and rustic surroundings and belongings, and the delightful situations that render New England village life so attractive to the summer-seeker. They are within the mountain region, and yet in a certain sense not of it.



LANCASTER.

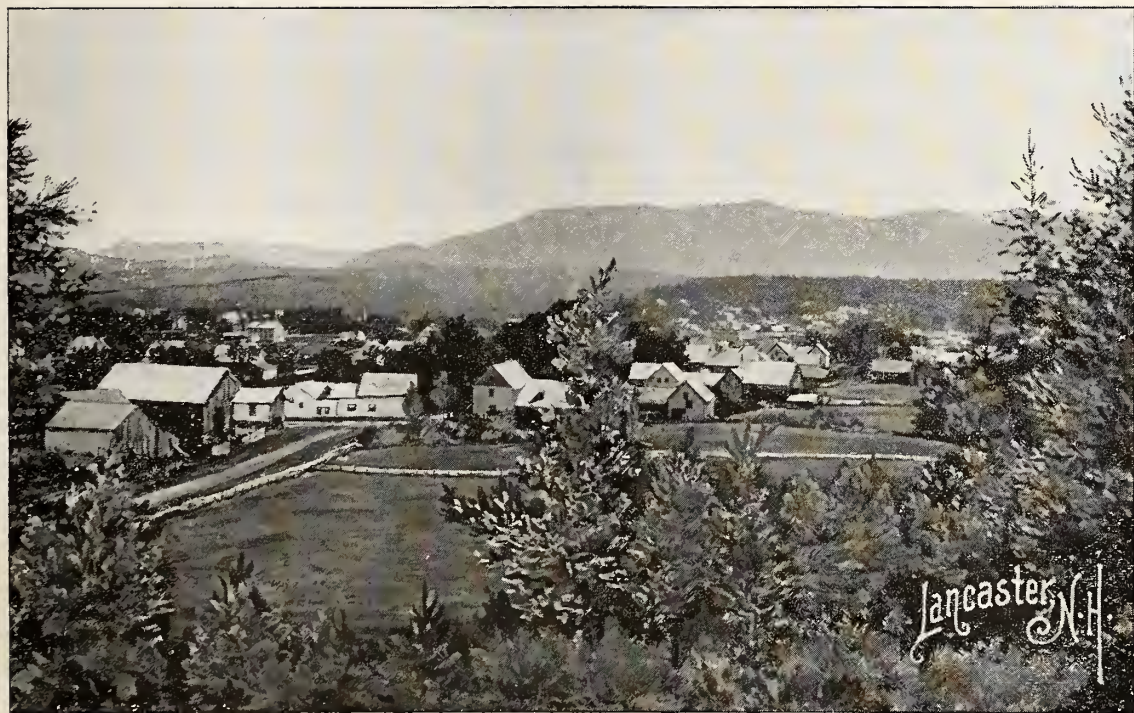
LANCASTER is one of the famous summer resorts of Northern New Hampshire, its situation and characteristics reminding strongly of the Bethlehem site farther south and nearer the centre of the White Mountains.

In one peculiarity, however, it differs from that celebrated health resort: it is completely surrounded by mountains, which form a natural wall not at all contracted, or having the appearance of limiting the liberties or dimensions of the place, but rather of forming a natural barrier within easy distance, and its parts arranged in "open order," as though this favored and enchanting spot had been set apart from the world in general, and its privacy secured by provision of Dame Nature herself.

Lancaster is the shire town of Coös County, a farming and lumbering section of no mean pretensions. Its topography is made up of meadows and table-lands and river bottoms, with swelling undulations rising into hills environing, from which the most enchanting outlooks are to be obtained in many directions. Its roads and drive-ways are among the finest in the State. Israel's River, coming down from Cherry Mountain, flows directly through the Lancaster site and village, uniting with the Connecticut River within the territory of the town, and affording excellent water power for various manufacturing enterprises which have of late years developed here. "Israel's River" the early settlers of the section called it; but the Indians, following their invariable custom of applying names to places and things interpretive of their qualities, knew the stream as Singrawack, or "the Foaming Stream of the White Rock."

Lancaster is among the handsomest villages of Northern New Hampshire, having beautiful streets bordered with magnificent old elms, dwellings nicely kept and of modern build, and public institutions scattered throughout, indicating the presence of a New England community in the forefront of the civilization of the region. Here Starr King wrote very many of his famous descriptions of the White Mountains and their surroundings; and he held the place in the highest estimation for its quiet, peaceful and recreative influences as well as for the surpassing beauty of its scenery. Of it he says: "In the combined charm, for walks or rides, of meadow and river—the charm, not of wildness, but of cheerful brightness and beneficence—Lancaster is unrivalled." This is high praise, but not in the least undeserved.

Just across the Connecticut River, and within the State of Vermont, lies the beautiful town of Lunenburg, the nearest neighbor of Lancaster on the west. From the heights of Lunenburg magnificent views southward and westward may be had, and these heights are within easy distance of the Lancaster village. The Lancaster outlooks are upon the lordly Presidential Range of the White Mountains in the southeast, the finely tinted Pilot Mountains on the north, with Cherry and other isolated peaks grandly looming within the circle of observation.



DIXVILLE NOTCH.

ALTHOUGH Dixville Notch is not directly upon the line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad, it is reached readily from Lancaster, where connection is made with the Maine Central Railroad, and thence to Colebrook, the route lying through some of the most beautiful river and intervalle sections in the State. It may be said in passing that all these sections traversed in reaching Dixville Notch are the natural home of the trout, and that the fishing in all these neighborhoods is excellent.

The land of the township out of which Dixville Notch opens was once owned by the father of Governor Dix of New York, and from this family name the place takes its title. As a situation remarkable for the character of its scenery this locality takes high rank among the natural attractions of New Hampshire, and the Notch has been variously described by numberless writers whose pens have won more or less of fame in similar occupations. Thus one says:—The Notch is not a mountain pass, but a wonderful ravine among high hills, whose impending cliffs are worn and broken into strange forms of ruin and desolation. At Dixville all is decay, wreck; the hopeless submission of matter in the coil of its hungry foes. Of it Theodore Winship has written, "The Dixville Notch is, briefly, picturesque—a fine gorge between a crumbling, conical crag and a scarped precipice—a place easily defensible, except at the season when raspberries would distract the sentinels."

The grand lookout point within Dixville Notch is Table Rock, reached by a stairway of stone known as Jacob's Ladder. This rock is 561 feet above the road, 2,450 feet above the level of the sea, and projects 167 feet, its sides being ragged and serrated, and projecting in points and angles in all parts. From the top of this rock the view embraces a wide sweep of country—the territory of Maine and Vermont, with a full view of old Monadnock lying just across the river in the last-named State, portions of the Dominion provinces, and nearer at hand the entire panorama of the Notch. Above Table Rock a pathway leads to the Ice Cave, where in a deep chasm snow and ice may be found throughout the entire year, like the deposits of Tuckerman's Ravine under Mount Washington. The rock formations all about are in spires and pinnacles and ragged, splintered monumental shafts, each of which seems to vie with all others in presenting rugged and shattered forms in ledge and individual rock deposits. The Flume, where a brook runs through a gorge in the rock, and the Cascades are picturesque attractions, and in the very heart of the Notch there is a rustic grove, where excursion parties rest and lunch.



JEFFERSON.

JEFFERSON is one of the earliest settlements of the White Mountains, receiving its first community of whites as long ago as 1765. The valley and meadows of Jefferson occupy territory that is scooped out like a gigantic saucer between lofty mountains for miles in extent, with a fair river (Israel's River) traversing the bottom of the hollow, and Jefferson perched upon its upper rim on the side of Mt. Starr King. Starr King rises 2,400 feet above the river and 3,800 feet above the sea on the north of the valley. On the south, Cherry Mountain, which forms the other boundary of the valley, rises 3,670 feet above the sea. The road through the valley crossing Cherry Mountain is the oldest highway among the mountains. Of this road Rev. T. Starr King wrote: "For grandeur and for opportunities of studying the wildness and majesty of the sovereign range, the Cherry Mountain route is without a rival in New Hampshire." In riding over Jefferson Meadows, for five miles of the distance every peak in the White Mountains chain is within full view, with Mt. Washington dominant over all.

The situation of Jefferson is very like that of Bethlehem, and the place has the same characteristics of pure air and water, exceeding healthfulness, and immunity from and curative properties for certain diseases of the respiratory organs that characterize that famous health and pleasure resort. Catarrhal complaints and hay fever almost immediately give way before the climatic influences of this place. The Jefferson village occupies the high slopes of Mt. Starr King, along which its street runs for considerable distance, bordered by hotels and summer boarding-houses for the whole way,—for ancient Jefferson has become a famous summer resort, and thousands of visitors now yearly claim the hospitality and entertainment of those whose enterprise makes temporary homes for the strangers and pilgrims in this charming spot. The town has two sections: Jefferson Hill, referred to above, and Jefferson Highlands and Meadows, the latter in the east part of the town. Both villages are, however, a collection of farms, hotels and boarding-houses. Jefferson Hill village is eight miles from Lancaster, twelve miles from the Fabyan House, and seventeen miles from Gorham. Unquestionably the views from this village are the finest that are to be had from any community establishment in the mountains region.



THE TWIN MOUNTAIN.

THE title, or heading, under which this writing is placed is here used more particularly with reference to the mountains of that name; but ordinarily when it is heard in the mountain sections, or met with in printed matter, it is ten to one that it refers to the famous hotel known as the "Twin Mountain House," which the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher rendered notorious by his annual visits continued through a long series of years, his Sunday services there, and by his firm belief that there was the only place where he could be entirely exempt from the attacks of hay-fever in its season.

The Twin Mountains are a pair of noble elevations, presenting the general appearance that is indicated by their name. They belong to the Franconia Range, and are situated well to the eastward of Mount Lafayette, and in the direction of the Crawford Notch. The Twin Mountain House is on a lofty terrace almost overhanging the Ammonoosuc River, and about five miles from Fabyan's. The Twin Mountains are about six miles southward from the Twin Mountain House, and are reached only through some of the wildest, most primitive and difficult situations in the region. The surrounding forests are extremely aged, dense and rugged, the territory broken and full of obstacles, so that it is only by hard and persistent "roughing it" that even the base of these mountains is approached, to say nothing of climbing their steep and craggy sides. They are about five thousand feet in height, and some of the streams which finally unite and form the Merrimack River may be traced to them. Southward from them, and beginning at their bases on that side, are the great wildernesses of the Pemigewasset sections, stretching away with their adjuncts of similar characteristics to the neighborhoods of the Sandwich Range.

The pair of peaks in full view from the Twin Mountain House, and apparently just opposite that hostelry, do not belong to the mountains above referred to, but are in reality the "Baby Twins," so called—elevations of a far different order, and much nearer the Ammonoosuc than the real Twin Mountains. The scenery outspread within view from the Twin Mountain House is exceedingly varied and captivating, embracing the wildest and most impressive mountain features, contrasted with the pastoral and valley neighborhoods of the Ammonoosuc River, visible for miles in extent. The White Mountains Branch of the Concord & Montreal Railroad follows closely the myriad windings and turnings of this river for its entire length, and lies along one or the other of its banks for the whole way from Fabyan's to its junction with the Connecticut River at Woodsville. The lower falls of the Ammonoosuc are about half-way between the Twin Mountain House and Fabyan's.



Twin Mountains

BETHLEHEM—UNDER THE ELMS.

BETHLEHEM is a rambling old township, extending irregularly in unexpected directions. The Mount Pleasant House, situated on the line of railroad between the Crawford House and the Fabyan House, is in Bethlehem; but the Fabyan is not. North, east and west from the Bethlehem village and Maplewood the driveways are abundant and of surpassing attractiveness. The trout streams of the Bethlehem neighborhoods are sufficiently numerous to tempt enthusiastic anglers.

A chief attraction of Bethlehem will always be found in its healthfulness—the positive recreative qualities of its air and sunshine, especially in catarrhal and bronchial affections, hay-fever and the like. From the mountains and hillsides flow numberless springs of the purest water, having remarkable curative properties inseparably connected with their purity. With pure air, pure water, and pure sunlight, this place may well be said to possess a beneficent star of attraction, like that other Bethlehem of which the world has taken note.

Bethlehem has grown to its present proportions within the last two decades. Its single thoroughfare, which everybody who has ever been there knows as “the street,” is broad and well-built, and skirted on both sides within the limits of the village with hotels, boarding-houses and summer dwellings. Shade trees abound on every hand, as seen in the picture facing this writing. The place receives its name from the fact that it was originally peopled by settlers of the Bethlehemite religious sect, who formed here a church which still exists.

Eastward of the village, and distant a mile or such a matter from its limits, is the Maplewood Hotel establishment, a princely collection of buildings under one management, and forming a little hamlet of itself, as is often the case with the larger caravansaries of the White Mountains region. While many of the White Mountains hotels are situated in the very midst of the mountains, and some of them are fairly enclosed thereby, Maplewood is on a broad undulating plain, with mountains all around more or less distant, so that the horizon on every hand seen from this section of Bethlehem presents a great natural wall, magnificent beyond description.

The outlooks from Bethlehem are over miles in extent of territory, and include nearly all the famous peaks of the White and Franconia Ranges. From the neighborhood of Maplewood, one looking across the valley of the Ammonoosuc can see in a clear day the Stratford Hills, forty miles away in Vermont, and also the Green Mountains in the same State.



Under the Elms
Bethlehem, N. H.

BETHLEHEM.

BETHLEHEM enjoys the distinction of occupying the most exalted height (1,450 feet) of any village in New England. It is reached by a little spur of the Franconia Notch Railway, which leaves the White Mountains Division of the Concord & Montreal Railroad at Bethlehem Junction for the service of this place, about three miles distant. The village occupies a broadened ridge, and its outlooks are across the valley of the Ammonoosuc, of mountain peaks far distant, many of which are among the most celebrated of the region, and upon other mountain elevations nearer by, the nearest of which is Mt. Agassiz, at the foot of which Bethlehem may be said to lie.

The distinguishing feature of Bethlehem and its neighborhoods is its quality as a natural sanitarium. While all the community centres in this part of New Hampshire territory that rejoice in being situated upon elevations far above the level of the sea — as Jefferson, Lancaster, the Twin Mountain establishment, etc. — are largely free from that distressing summer complaint, hay fever, Bethlehem most nearly enjoys complete immunity from it.

But it is by no means solely on account of its health advantages that Bethlehem has thus become a summer centre. It is one of the prettiest villages in the world, and its site is unrivalled for fascination and beauty of natural surroundings. Its elevated plateau slopes very gradually away northward and eastward to the bottom of the valley through which the Ammonoosuc, busiest of mountain streams, flows brightly to its union with the Connecticut. Away beyond this river the rising uplands climb slowly again to a similar level, and then pass far beyond it into stupendous mountain heights, that appear clean cut and fairly pictured against the sky and horizon from the Bethlehem eyrie. On the south lies Franconia, and ten miles away is the northern opening of its celebrated Notch, with Lafayette and Garfield and their associated peaks grandly looming. Five miles away, on the Ammonoosuc, is busy Littleton, lodged on the terrace overhanging the river. Sugar Hill, with its magnificent outlooks, lies westward seven and a half miles. The Presidential Range stands fairly outlined directly in the east, the nearest link of its chain being distant fifteen miles from the Bethlehem standpoint. The Appalachian Club authorities pronounce this view of the Presidential Range the very best with regard to obtaining an idea of the mountains in their true relations to each other as to height, proportions, shape, etc.

To all these points excellent driveways extend; indeed, the facilities for driving excursions are in greater variety and number above Bethlehem than at almost any other point in the mountains. The Hay Fever Association has its headquarters here. Here also is a coaching club, and it is estimated that there are often from ten thousand to fifteen thousand persons in Bethlehem in one season, who remain as sojourners for days, and many of them for weeks, together. The forest growths about the place are broad and inviting.



Bethlehem
from Base of Mt. Agassiz

MOUNT PLEASANT.

THE main line of the railroad through the White Mountains section runs from the gateway of the Crawford Notch to Fabyan's, a distance of not far from four miles. After leaving the little plateau which opens fan-like from the gateway afore-mentioned, and upon the easterly side of which stands the Crawford House establishment, this line follows the bases of a semi-mountain range on the left hand side going towards Fabyan's, while on the right hand side is outspread the broad basin or wooded intervale lying between these bases and the Presidential Range, and through the midst of which runs the branch line of the Concord & Montreal Railroad leading from Fabyan's to the base of Mount Washington. This natural basin or intervale is from four to five miles across from Fabyan's to Mount Washington, and is apparently nearly circular in shape.

Within a half-mile of Fabyan's, on the main line of railroad above referred to, is the Mount Pleasant House, lying, like Fabyan's, over against the Presidential Range and the mighty peaks adjacent, and forming one of the quintette of famous hotels for many years within the enterprise of the Barron family. From both Fabyan's and the Mount Pleasant House fine views of the Presidential Range from base to summit of its members are to be had, while some neighboring mountains are also within the scene, the whole presenting a gigantic mountain wall, symmetrical and comparatively near at hand, such as is not to be looked upon elsewhere from similar standpoints on the face of the earth.

One of these lofty peaks, neighboring to those of the Presidential Range, is that of Mount Pleasant (giving name to the hotel just above-mentioned). From Mount Webster, forming the eastern wall of the Crawford Notch, to its head, the order of the line of peaks to Mount Washington is as follows: Webster, Clinton, Pleasant, Franklin, Monroe, Washington. Mounts Franklin and Monroe belong to the Presidential Range, of which Mount Washington is the centre and chief, Mounts Clay, Jefferson and Adams, continuing the line northward, being its remaining members.

Among these elevations Mount Pleasant takes place a full peer, and sometimes indeed appears to be a king, as from some standpoints it towers considerably above all others, even Mount Washington itself, as, for instance, from the head of Beecher's Falls, near the Crawford House. It is a smoothly rounded, evenly proportioned summit, fair to look upon and attractive in all its features as its name indicates, and overlooks the valley from the verge of which it rises, not the least impressive of the mighty sentinels there posted.



Mt. Pleasant
Between Fabyan and
Base Mt. Washington

THE AMMONOOSUC.

FROM the Crawford House, at the head of the Crawford Notch, there is a footpath, much used by venture-some travellers, leading to the summit of Mount Washington. This pathway runs over Mount Clinton, along the crest of the bare and rocky ledge between Mount Clinton and Mount Pleasant, thence around the peak of Mount Pleasant, then through the Ammonoosuc Valley and up Mount Franklin, from thence to Mount Monroe. Between Mount Monroe and Mount Washington there is a valley-like depression; and in the midst of this, about one and a half miles southward from the peak of Washington, are two diminutive lakelets—the "Lake of the Clouds" and "Star Lake," deep reservoirs filled with crystal mountain water. These lakelets outpour their superfluous water down the mountain-side to the west, the stream thus caused being known as the Ammonoosuc River.

From beginning to end of its course the Ammonoosuc is a tumbling, brawling, rapid stream. Three miles down the side of Mount Washington from the summit, measuring the distance by the line of the Mount Washington Railway, lies the little hamlet of Ammonoosuc, or Marshfield, the rendezvous of lumbermen in the winter, and trout fishermen in the summer time. This place is distant from Fabyan's about six miles. The mountain railway has its terminus not far below it; and near at hand the Ammonoosuc infant stream rushes through clefts and tumbles over bowlders and ledges, making the picturesque "Upper Ammonoosuc Falls," so well known to visitors to this part of the mountains, and one of the most beautiful bits of natural scenery in the world. This river in all this section, and the little streams feeding it as it descends, has always been noted for its trout, and is perhaps one of the most assiduously fished streams of the country. Crossing the intervalle between the Presidential Range and Fabyan's, and being joined in the latter neighborhood by the little stream that flows out of Lake Ammonoosuc, near the Crawford House, it flows more quietly than before, but still retains enough of ripple and dash to illustrate its characteristics as a native mountain river. Not far westward from Fabyan's, or about half-way between that hostelry and the Twin Mountain House, it takes another tumble, and descends rapidly for considerably distance over a rocky bed, confined within narrow and crooked limits. This descent is known as the "Lower Falls" of the Ammonoosuc, once exceedingly beautiful, but now the site of a saw mill establishment. From this point to its union with the Connecticut, the Ammonoosuc has sufficient description in other pages of this booklet.



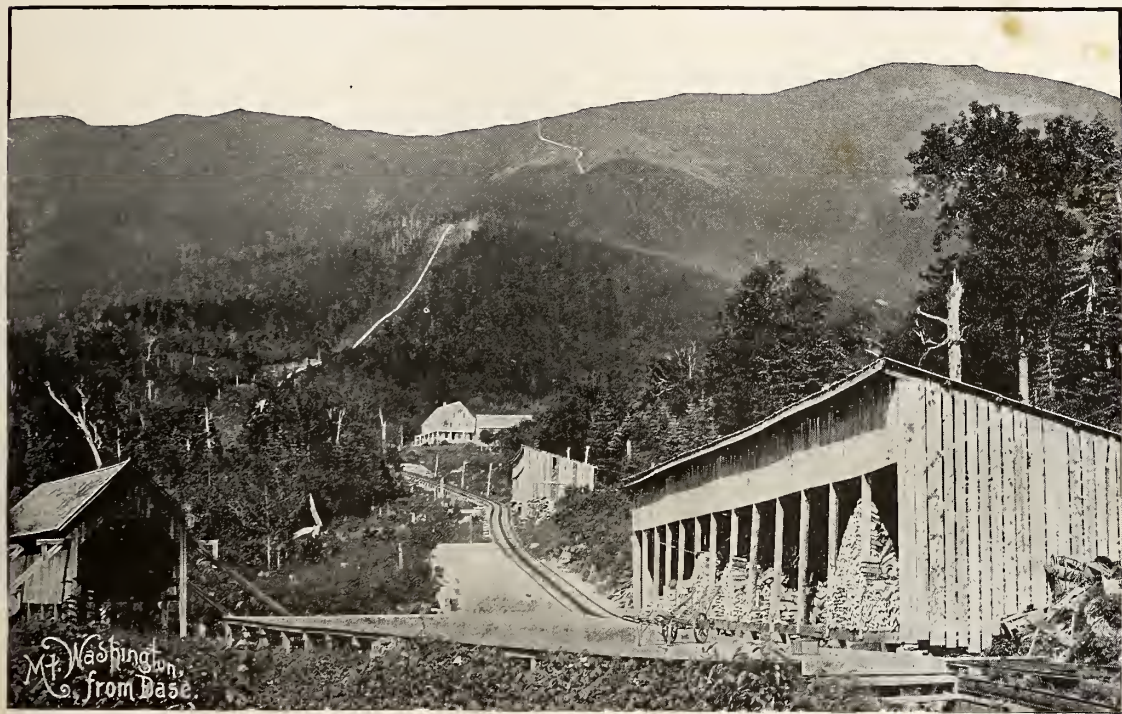
MOUNT WASHINGTON.

THE Concord & Montreal has the only line of railroad running into the base of Mount Washington. This is a branch or spur which, leaving the main line of the Concord & Montreal at Fabyan's, traverses the intervening lowlands between this station and the foot of the Presidential Range, a distance of about four miles, finding a terminus at Ammonoosuc station, at the foot of Mount Washington, a point of itself 2,668 feet above the sea. Mount Washington, the highest of the New Hampshire mountains, is 6,293 feet above the level of the sea. Of the views from its summit, and the outlooks afforded while climbing its steep and dangerous sides, volumes have been written, and the wonders and perils incident to the summit of this lord of the ranges have been recounted in every land and tongue.

To ascend Mount Washington is a feat of great difficulty at best, and not unattended with risk of life and limb, so far at least as the bridle and foot paths leading to the summit are concerned. The number of these pathways is limited. There is one from the Crawford House, at the head of Crawford Notch, requiring a toilsome ascent of twelve miles and a whole day for its pursuing. There is another from Fabyan's; and from the east of the range the ascent is made from the Glen by stage and six horse team.

But of late years, or since 1869, the ascent of Washington has been usually made by the famous cog railway, the invention of Mr. Sylvester Marsh, of which there are only three in existence in the world. Within the past twenty years thousands of passengers have been annually taken up and down the mountain by this railway, and never an accident of any kind by which one of them was injured has taken place. The Concord & Montreal trains over the branch line from Fabyan's to the Base connect directly with the trains of the mountain railroad.

From the station at the base the cog railroad ascends to the summit of Washington in a line a little more than three miles in length. Within this three miles the track rises 3,625 feet, or with an average grade of one foot in every four and a third feet, and a maximum grade of one foot in every two and two-thirds feet, equal to a rise of 1,980 feet to the mile. The track is laid upon heavy sleepers and trestles, and has three rails, the centre being the heavily notched iron rail into which the cog-wheel of the locomotive plays, securing the movement of the train. In making the ascent the passenger coaches are pushed before the locomotive; and the safety appliances for securing the stoppage of the train, should any accident threaten, are so many and various that disaster would be impossible under any circumstances.



THE CRAWFORD.

STANDING upon the piazza of the Crawford House, and looking out over the plain which slopes gradually from the apex of the water shed, the view is grand indeed. The situation is as though one were within a vast fortress, with sky-high walls crowned with battlements and great rock towers. The hotel itself and the railroad are the only artificial elements entering into the picture; and these are so grandly overshadowed by the natural features, and the entire absence of the turmoil and tumult of ordinary, every-day life is so apparent, as to render the place to the weary, overworked fugitive from busy life what the city of refuge was to the over-sinful of olden times.

Here are neither farms nor factories, marts, barns, nor storehouses. Here are neither village nor hamlet, nor any of the manifestations of the jurisdiction of man by which he usually manifests his controlling influence. Not a touch, even of the artist's finger, has been placed anywhere upon these everlasting hills to mark man's conceit and his conception of his supremacy over nature. Here are entire rest and quiet.

In ancient times, close down by that marvellous gateway of the Notch, more magnificent and far grander than any that monarch or potentate ever constructed, "Tom" Crawford set up his hostelry—a genuine Yankee home for travellers. This ancient Crawford House then stood looking into the Notch, the gate of which was then just as Nature made it, but little more than twenty feet in width, and frowning on both sides like the bastions of an exaggerated castle. It has not, indeed, changed essentially since.

Of the enclosure in front of the present Crawford House, Saco Lake is a beautiful feature; and from this lake the Saco River takes its rise. This lake is much larger than formerly, but even now is hardly more than twice the size of the pond on Boston Common. However, its dimensions are as ample in proportion as any other department of the view within this mountain enclosure. Two figures would nearly tell the acreage of all the land outspread in this plain: yet from its boundaries upstart some of the finest elevations of the mountain region. Mount Webster overhangs the Notch gate, and forms the eastern boundary of the Notch itself. Mount Willard uprises from the western and southern sides of this little plain, standing over against Mount Webster, and filling the whole head of the Notch. There is no finer view on the mountains than that from the summit of Willard, revealing every part of the Notch and its surroundings. From the grounds near the Crawford House the "Crawford Path," the first bridle path ever opened to the summit of Mount Washington, begins. Tourists via the Concord & Montreal Railroad reach the Crawford House via Fabyan, where connection is made with the Maine Central Railroad.





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